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CAMPUS SCENE, FRONT VIEW



CAMPUS SCENE, VIEW FROM DEPOT



*W. Staley Tucker*

# PHIPSICLI

Number One

Volume One

MAY 1, 1913

Edited and Published  
by the  
Senior Class of Elon College  
North Carolina



W. P. LAWRENCE, PH.D., M.A.



To

Walter Phalti Lawrence, Ph.B., M.A.

In whom is our highest esteem and one who has so faithfully  
and wisely guided our footsteps in this, the last  
year of our college life, is dedicated  
the first issue of the  
Phippsli

# College Calendar

September 3 :	Fall Term begins.
September 5 :	Annual Faculty Reception.
October 1 :	Outline of Graduating Theses due.
November 26 :	Junior-Senior Debate.
November 27-30 :	Thanksgiving Recess.
November 27 :	Thanksgiving Exercises, Annual Thanksgiving Banquet, and Philologian Entertainment.
November 28 :	Midyear Recital of the Music Department.
December 16-23 :	Fall Term Examinations.
December 24-January 6 :	Christmas Recess.
January 7 :	Winter Term begins.
January 9 :	Midyear Faculty Reception.
January 11-13 :	Lecture of Nonresident Professor, Martyn Summerbell.
January 15 :	Subjects for Commencement Theses and Orations due.
February 20 :	Junior-Senior Reception.
February 21 :	Clio Entertainment.
February 22 :	Washington's Birthday.
March 7-14 :	Winter Term Examinations.
March 16 :	Spring Term Begins.
April 1 :	Commencement Orations and Essays due.
April 9 :	Freshman-Sophomore Debate.
April 10 :	Inter-Scholastic Declaimers' Contest.
April 11 :	Psiphebian Entertainment.
May 1 :	Junior-Senior Elections due.
May 15 :	Graduating Theses due. Senior Examinations begin.
May 22-30 :	Spring Term Examinations.
May 30 :	Class Day Exercises.
May 31 :	11:30 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon. 8:00 p. m. Baccalaureate Address.
June 1 :	Board of Trustees Meets. 8:00 p. m. Society Representatives.
June 2 :	11:30 a. m. Literary Address. 3:00 p. m. Expression Recital. 8:00 p. m. Annual Concert.
June 3 :	Commencement Day, Graduating Exercises. 3:00 p. m. Society Reunions. 4:00 p. m. Art Exhibit. 8:00 p. m. Alumni Address.

# Contents

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece . . . . .	2	Alumni Officers . . . . .	60
Publishers . . . . .	3	Alumni Association . . . . .	61
Prof. W. P. Lawrence . . . . .	4	Y. W. C. A. Cabinet . . . . .	62
Dedication . . . . .	5	Y. W. C. A. . . . .	63
College Calendar . . . . .	6	Y. M. C. A. Cabinet . . . . .	64
Oh, Alma Mater . . . . .	8	Y. M. C. A. . . . .	65
Greetings . . . . .	9	Christian Endeavor Cabinet . . . . .	66
The Faculty . . . . .	10	Society of Christian Endeavor . . . . .	67
To the Faculty . . . . .	11	Ministerial Students' Association Photo-	
President W. A. Harper . . . . .	12	graph . . . . .	68
Senior Class Officers . . . . .	15	Officers . . . . .	69
Class Roll . . . . .	15	Ministerial Association . . . . .	70
Class History . . . . .	22	Philologian Society Photograph . . . . .	72
Class Poem . . . . .	24	Hall . . . . .	73
Class Prophecy . . . . .	25	Psiphelian Society . . . . .	74
L. I. Students Photograph . . . . .	28	Hall . . . . .	75
Class Officers . . . . .	29	Clio Society . . . . .	76
Class Poem . . . . .	29	Hall . . . . .	77
Class History . . . . .	30	Athletic Cabinet . . . . .	78
Junior Class Photograph . . . . .	32	Baseball Sponsor . . . . .	80
Class Officers . . . . .	33	Team 1913 . . . . .	81
Class History . . . . .	34	Basketball Sponsor . . . . .	83
Class Poem . . . . .	36	Basketball, Whites . . . . .	84
Sophomore Class Photograph . . . . .	38	Basketball Team . . . . .	85
Class Officers . . . . .	39	Basketball, Blues . . . . .	86
Class History . . . . .	40	Tennis Sponsor . . . . .	88
Class Poem . . . . .	42	Ladies' Tennis Club . . . . .	89
Freshman Class Officers . . . . .	44	Boys' Tennis Club . . . . .	90
Class Photograph . . . . .	45	Coach Doak . . . . .	93
Class History . . . . .	46	Gym Director . . . . .	93
Class Poem . . . . .	48	College Buildings . . . . .	94
Expression Class Photograph . . . . .	50	Self-Government Club . . . . .	95
Class Officers . . . . .	51	Jokes and Jingles . . . . .	98
Art Class Officers . . . . .	53	Dr. Summerbell . . . . .	111
Class Photograph . . . . .	54	Religious Education . . . . .	112
Music Class Photograph . . . . .	56	Manager's Note . . . . .	117
Class Officers . . . . .	57	Editor's Page . . . . .	118
College Band . . . . .	58	Advertisements . . . . .	119
Organizations . . . . .	59		

## Oh, Alma Mater!

Oh, Alma Mater! Short has been thy life  
But great has been thy work—  
Thou hast taught us in the strife  
Never a duty to shirk.  
We have trusted thee in our youth:  
Thou hast launched us a ship of beauty;  
Thou hast shown us the bounties of truth  
'Till with true hearts we meet our service.

We soon shall greet the hour  
That takes us from thy care,  
But when we rise in fame and pow'r  
Thou shalt our blessings share.  
We will sing thy praise in word and story  
As we climb upward round by round,  
And when we tread the fields of glory  
We'll return and lay our trophies down.

Thy praise we sound in every clime,  
On Canadian hills and mountains  
To the Amazon's rhythmic chime,  
From India's flowing fountains  
To Afric's golden dell.  
Where we thy children shall be borne  
We'll clasp thy banner and then we'll swell  
Hail! Hail! to thee, dear old *Elon*.

C. T. RAND.

## Greeting

To all to whom this work may appeal we lay before you  
the result of our labors, hoping at the same time  
that you will enjoy the perusal thereof  
as much and even more than  
we have its preparation

# The Faculty

WILLIAM ALLEN HARPER, LIT.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT

*Professor of Latin Language and Literature*

REV. JOHN URQUHART NEWMAN, PH.D., LIT.D., D.D., DEAN

*Professor of Greek and Biblical Literature*

REV. WALTON CRUMP WICKER, LIT.D., D.D.

*Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy*

WALTER PHALTI LAWRENCE, PH.B., M.A.

*Professor of English Language and Literature*

REV. JAMES OSCAR ATKINSON, M.A., D.D.

*Professor of Political and Social Science*

NED FACETTE BRANNOCK, A.B., M.A.

*Professor of Chemistry and Physics*

THOMAS CICERO AMICK, L.I., M.A., PH.D.

*Director of Teachers' Normal, Professor of Pedagogy and History*

RUSSEL ARNDT CAMPBELL, A.B., M.A.

*College Bursar, Associate Professor of Latin and German*

ROBERT SYDENS DOAK, B.A.

*Director of Athletics, Instructor in English, History, and Science*

CALVIN JAMES FELTON, B.A.

*Instructor in English and Mathematics*

REV. FRANK SAMUEL CHILD, B.D., D.D., LL.D.

*Nonresident Professor Literature and History*

REV. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, PH.D., D.D., LL.D.

*Nonresident Professor Church History and Biblical Literature*

MISS FLORENCE WILSON, DIRECTOR

*New England Conservatory and Munich*

*Voice, Piano, and Harmony*

MISS MARY LOU PITT, PH.B.

*Elon College, New England Conservatory, Student of Louis Schalk*

*Assistant in Piano and Voice*

MISS LINDA BARNES

*Elon College, Student of Louis Schalk*

*Assistant in Piano and Voice*

MISS EULA VIRGINIA LONG

*Director of Fine Arts*

MISS ETHEL CLEMENTS

*Student of Leland Powers*

*Director of Physical Culture Expression*

ROY NEIL MILLER

*Director Gymnasium*

MISS LARLIE MAY TAYLOR

*Librarian*

MISS ESSIE MAE HOUCHINS

*Stenography and Typewriting*

VICTOR PAINTER HEATWOLF

*Director of the College Band*

MRS. SALLIE E. HOLLAND

*Matron West Dormitory*

MRS. ROSE J. MACHEN

*Houskeeper West Dormitory*

MRS. SADIE V. JONES

*Matron Young Ladies' Hall*

MRS. A. L. BATTLE

*Stewardess Young Men's Club*

PROF. DOAK

*Proctor East Dormitory*

## Ad Facultatem

To thee, our Faculty, we write this ode  
Because we have enjoyed our abode;  
We leave you this year with sorrow and grief  
Although we know that you feel great relief.  
Not only the Seniors but others as well  
Your kindness and goodness will always tell—  
You have helped us in trouble and need  
And have always proved true friends indeed.  
At times we may have been stubborn and rude  
But at those times you were always good.  
It took us four years to find your real worth:  
We would not do without you for aught on earth.  
And now, our dear Faculty, we see, bright and shining,  
The inner side of your nature has a silver lining.





OUR PRESIDENT  
WILLIAM ALLEN HARPER, LIT.D., LL.D.

# The Classes



# Senior Class

MOTTO : *Carpe Diem*

FLOWER : *Forget-me-not*

COLORS : *Blue and gold*

YELL : One nine one three  
Here are we  
Seniors, seniors  
'13! '13!

## Officers

ALONZO LOHR HOOK . . . . .	President
WALTON STALEY WICKER . . . . .	Vice-President
VIOLA ELIZABETH FRAZIER . . . . .	Secretary
JANIE LEE BEALE . . . . .	Treasurer
NELLIE SUE FLEMING . . . . .	Historian
WALTON STALEY WICKER . . . . .	Poet
PEARLE FOGLEMAN . . . . .	Prophet

## Members

LILLIAN PEARL TUCK  
VIRGIE ESTELLE BEAL  
BEN JOE EARP

ALONZO TOMLINSON BANKS  
CHARLES TITUS RAND  
DOCTOR TRAVIS SURRATT



ALONZO LOHR HOOK, A.B.

*Winchester, Va.*

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Philologist; Class Treasurer '11; Society Debater '12; Chapel Monitor '13; President of Y. M. C. A. '13. Business Manager of Athletic Association '13; President of Self-Government Board '13; Baseball Manager '13; Class President '13; Senior Debater, Junior-Senior Debate '13. Business Manager of PHIPPSIA '13.

*"Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the using of strength."*

VIRGIE ESTELLE BEAL, P.H.B.

*Windsor, Va.*

One boy at a time and he stung well  
Is a very good rule, as many can tell.

Psiphelian. Class President '12. Psiphelian Society Representative, Commencement '12.





NELLIE SUE FLEMING, Ph.B.

*High Point, N. C.*

The only member who is perfectly satisfied.

Psiphelian; Collector at Christian Endeavor '10. Marshal at Psiphelian Entertainment '10; Class President '11; Society Representative, Easter '11; Corresponding Secretary of the Class '11; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. '12; Society Representative, Easter '12; Vice-President of Christian Endeavor '13; Basketball Manager '13; President of Expression Class '13; Certificate in Expression '13; Class Historian '13; Marshal Junior-Senior Debate '12.

*"The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken."*

BEN JOE EARP, Ph.B.

*Milton, N. C.*

He who thinks himself something and is nothing, deceiveth himself.

Philologian; Society Debater '10.





CHARLES TITUS RAND, A.B.

*McCullers, N. C.*

The Class always has to make the best of a bad bargain.

Philologist; Secretary of Philologist Entertainment '11; Class Treasurer '11; Chief Marshal Commencement '12; Senior Debater in Junior-Senior Debate '12; Class Representative Commencement '12; Vice-President Athletic Association '12-'13; Varsity Basketball Team '12-'13; Captain Class Basketball Team '12-'13; Chapel Monitor '13; Editor in Chief of the *Pursuer* '13.

*"Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves."*

JANIE LEE BEALE, Ph.B.

*Handson, Va.*

Life is one thing after another.

Psiphelian; Assistant Secretary of Christian Endeavor '11; Class Secretary '12; Treasurer of the Y. W. C. A. '13; Class Treasurer '13; Assistant Secretary of the Christian Endeavor '13.







VIOLA FRAZIER, A.B.

*Elkton, Va.*

Great minds always run in the same channel.  
Dr. Wicker and I both love Math.

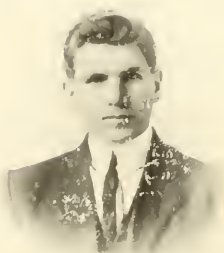
Psiphelian; Class Secretary '11-'12; President of  
Y. W. C. A. '12; Secretary Christian Endeavor  
'12; Psiphelian Editor for the College Weekly '12;  
Secretary of the College Weekly; Essayist at Psi-  
phelian Entertainment, Easter '12; Certificate in  
Expression '13.

*"Accuse nat nature, she hath done her part; do thou but thine."*

DOCTOR TRAVIS SURREATT, A.B.

*Jackson Hill, N. C.*

You look wise—pray correct the error.  
Philologist.





ALONZO TOMLINSON BANKS, Ph.B.

*McCallers, N. C.*

"What did you say, Professor?"

*Professor :* "Sleep on."

Philologist; Vice-President of Athletic Association '12; Society Representative, Commencement '12; President of Society Entertainment '12; Delivered Ivy Oration Fall of '12; President of Christian Endeavor '13; President of the Athletic Association '12-'13; President of the Ministerial Association '12 '13.

*"Ability involves responsibility. Power to its last particle is duty."*

PEARLE FOGLEMAN, Ph.B.

*Burlington, N. C.*

When I come forth the sun hides his face.

Psiphelian; Vice-President of Class '11; Representative Psiphelian Entertainment Easter '10; Soloist at Society Entertainment '11; Representative Psiphelian Society Commencement '12; Secretary of Christian Endeavor '13; Certificate in Vocal Music '13; Class Prophet '13.





LILLIAN PEARL TUCK, Ph.B.

*Virginia, Va.*

Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.

Psiphelian; Marshal at Psiphelian Entertainment '10; Class President '11; Representative Psiphelian Society, Easter '11; Secretary of Christian Endeavor '11; Vice-President of Christian Endeavor '12; Marshal at Junior-Senior Debate '13; Captain Basketball Team '13.

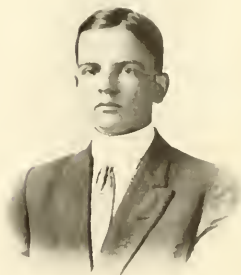
*"Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything."*

WALTON STALEY WICKER, A.B.

*Eaton College, N. C.*

Be sure you do others before they do you.

Philologist; Philologist Representative at Entertainment '12; Class President at Junior-Senior Debate '13; Corresponding Secretary of Y. M. C. A. '13; Treasurer of Athletic Association '13.



## Senior Class History

IT IS indeed a gigantic undertaking to do justice to the brilliant record of the Class of 1913 in the space herein allotted. Should the full achievements of this class during the last four years be given, our history would take all the space in the first volume of our Annual. We hate to act so selfishly for we really love our other schoolmates and want space reserved for them. So bear in mind, gentle readers who in the future years may read these lines, that your historian did not attempt to give the history of each individual member, but only endeavored to recall a few sweet recollections of days spent together at dear old Elon.

It is only a short time, as it seems to us, since we left our homes four years ago, amid tears and farewells, and embarked upon the sea of life. We had no idea then what lay before us. All we had in mind was to reach Elon. At the train we were met and welcomed by the Faculty and members of the Senior Class. Still frightened and green as we looked, as we stepped from the train it was declared by everyone that no more precautious, unusual, charming darlings or sweet specimens of humanity ever honored or graced Elon soil. No sooner than we got to our rooms, it was heard from every nook and corner, "Go matriculate." So off the stray children went to matriculate, hardly knowing what matriculate meant. The next day brought classes, and it was during that day that we were called by the Faculty the biggest blockheads that ever struck Elon. But we soon proved to these professors that first impressions were not always the best. The morning after we had organized our Freshman Class we felt as big as Seniors. Time rolled by and examinations were upon us. To some it meant falling out of ranks, to others, who got through mathematics, it meant another pleasant association with our classmates, at the place we all loved.

Another September found us again amid the sturdy oaks. To our great delight we were no longer known as "Freshies" but as ferocious "Sophs." As Sophomores we, of course, felt our importance, and smarting under the humiliation to which we had been subjected the year before we often gave vent to our feelings by offending the poor "Freshies." During this year we were not quite so fearful of the teachers and their scoldings and hard assignments. We would really pass a note and break all the rules near us. But our greatest glory came when we broke all former records and got Sophomore pins, for no other class had dared do such an unheard of thing.

Another year passed and to our sorrow only twelve of our old band returned to win the honors yet before us. This decrease in our number did not discourage us, but we went forward with our motto, "*Carpe Diem*," ever in mind. In this, our Junior year, our class achieved its greatest fame. We gained success in every phase of college life, and whether in the classroom, on the athletic field, in the literary societies, as Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. or C. E. workers, or as "block-

heads" our class held its own. As much as the twelve jolly Juniors longed to be Seniors they entertained their leaders amid the Senior and Junior decorations, February twenty-first. Here must be said that since we chose February twenty-first as our date for the Junior-Senior reception, the Faculty has made it a standing date.

When the year of 1912 dawned upon us we realized our long cherished ambitions, for we were Seniors at last. One of our twelve fell from our ranks, but another took his place. Also we found that four L. I. students were to take this year's journey with us. As Seniors we no longer laughed at the Freshman, nor did we think that the Sophomores were "wise fools," nor were we constantly reminding the Juniors that we were no longer under the rules. The time grew shorter each day. At last the time came for us to receive at the hands of our Alma Mater our long coveted honor.

As we look back over the last four years, we find that our paths have not been strewn with roses, nor, on the other hand, have they been beset with difficulties which we could not surmount. As we passed through the gate of our Alma Mater there came a joy mingled with sorrow. Our college career had ended and we were to enter upon the duties of life in reality.

May the Class of '13 ever succeed and may fortune at times bring us together while laboring on through the paths of life. Though, should our paths of life never bring us together again, let us still remember the faces and cherish the friendship of our classmates.

HISTORIAN.



## The Senior Class Poem

When we first went to public school  
We thought we knew a lot,  
And if we ever broke a rule,  
Ah! well, we knew it not.

'Twas then we were barefoot boys and girls, We lived a life of pleasure Where days were months and homes were worlds And all our time was leisure.	And then there came that joyful day When we set off for college. We thought we'd rather work than play, In order to gain knowledge.
---	--

Our verdant Freshman year has come  
And we are learning fast.  
We often let our fancy roam  
To the Senior year at last.

We spent much time upon our books In our happy Freshman days. We longed to have a Senior's looks And act a Senior's ways.	At last another year has passed. Ah! we are Sophomores sure. Study, a little, but always sure To be a little more mature.
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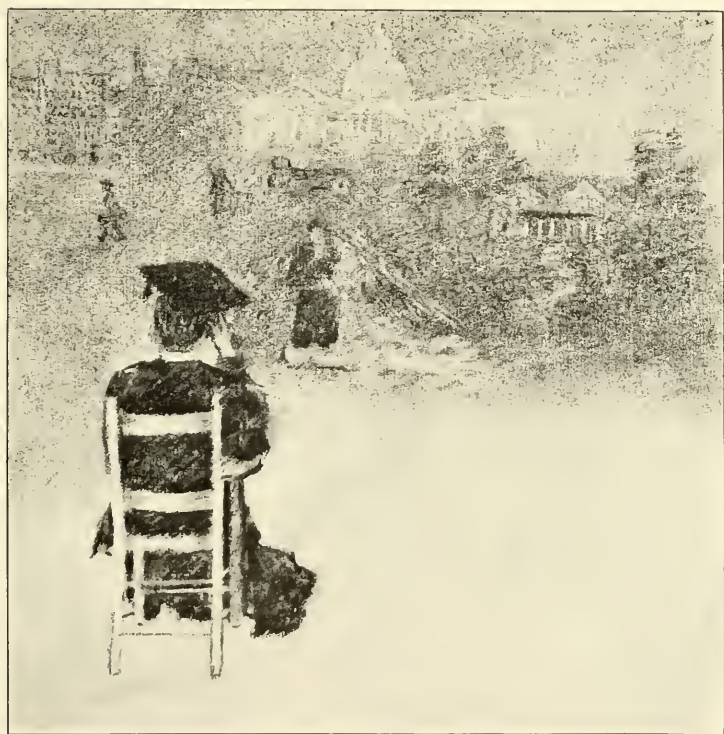
And now our Junior year is here,  
For time is flying fast.  
Twelve months is not as long a year  
As it seemed year before last.

We are beginning now to come Heir to some common knowledge. We want to know what folks at home Think of our going to college.	Another year has come and passed, We've reached our goal, you see. At last! At last!! At last!!! At last!!!! Ah! Lordly Seniors, we.
--	---

Ah, yes, indeed, we've come to know  
That we now have less knowledge  
Than we thought we had four years ago  
When we first entered college.

We know our textbooks, yea, 'tis true, But that is just beginning. We now must show ourselves true blue; The battles of life need winning.	So, if we always do our best, ('Tis all that one can ask), Our little work, not for the rest, Must be our only task.
---	---

POET.





## Senior Prophecy

'Twas a first Sunday. An acquaintance of Elon College knows what that means. For the benefit of others, however, let me add that on those days the fair co-eds of Elon are at liberty to exercise all the feminine wishes and caprices at their command, from three to five in the afternoon. Was I unfortunate? Anyway no card bearing "Miss Fogleman" made its appearance. Disappointed, heartsick, I groped my way to a nearby wood, through which rippled a clear, sparkling brook. Seated on a large rock, while unconsciously humming "O Lovely Dream," I carelessly tossed a stone into the water. The richest, fullest, most beautiful melody reached my ears,

"Oh, maid in despair,  
If you but care  
To hear, while you're alone,  
The prophecy of the Senior Class  
Just look under each stone."

Obedying the impulse, I looked about me. What could be more remarkable? There were twelve old stones arranged in a graceful group. On picking up the one nearest me a tiny elf hopped to his feet. "One of your classmates has shown some ability this year as an editor," piped a little voice. "His capabilities are as yet undeveloped. Still, just a few short years, and Hook will dazzle the minds of his friends by putting out a periodical far eclipsing the *Literary Digest*."

The second little body, a counterpart of the first, said: "Janie Lee Beale, the musician of your class, on July 14, 1918, will return to her native State. She will have studied music under the very best teachers in Germany. Her study will be trying, and instead of the Janie Lee you have known, her friends will find her much smaller, somewhat stooped—a nervous wreck." Of course this made me sad. My expression changed, and the change was noticed. The little figure continued, "Your classmate's health will return, however, and she will render her Alma Mater valuable service by drumming the rudiments of vocal and instrumental music into the brains of the bone-heads she will gather there from over the South."

The third little fellow began, "One of your classmates has a bright future before him. He is a good student and one of Elon's best athletes. Yet his greatness will depend neither upon literary nor athletic achievements. The whole nation will one day be astounded when he shows his ability as a singing evangelist. In fact Rand is going to figure largely in a spiritual revolution, which will sweep over America ten years hence.

Picking up the next stone the fourth elf blurted out, "Viola Frazier, the very willing mail carrier, will, a few years after leaving school, set her affectionate heart upon a long, lean, lank school teacher, and the two will wed and live happily ever after. A boarding school will be conducted by the two, in the Valley of Virginia." "Here's hoping Viola won't be a Mrs. Squeer," thought I.

The fifth figure was much awake and rattled off, "The sleeping divine is going to wake up, stretch, rub his eyes, and will find to his surprise that instead of being called

to the ministry his graceful and easy bearing are especially adapted to the art of dancing. In short, he is going to be much sought after in social circles. Banks is to become a professional dancing master."

When I picked up the sixth stone, a funny object dolefully uttered, "There is a young lady in your class who wants to love and be loved. Kindly tell her, please, that she will realize sooner or later, to her chagrin, that her love is wasted on Jabez. His is only a school flirtation, a passing fancy, and his true love will prove to be a lovely blonde, his own age. Instead of being happily mated, as her fond dreams suggest, Nellie Fleming will one day be walking the streets, earnestly pleading with the people to help the poor by buying some of her extracts and perfumes."

The seventh slowly got to his feet and drily drawled, "Shortly, Surratt will have found his ideal 'Suavis,' who will be delighted with her 'Shine on, O Suavis.' As you know, his best days have already been spent in preparing for life. So even ten years from graduation he will have retired from his professional field, 'Amo-ehology'."

Then up stepped another little fairy from underneath a stone, merrily singing out, that "Pearl Tuck will marry a farmer and live happily, her husband dying one month afterwards. Do not think that her young life will be blighted. To the contrary, she will undertake her old trade—flirting, becoming a young, merry widow of forty-five."

I picked up yet another stone. A peculiar being whispered, "Although Ben Joe Earp has been awarded no certificate in Expression, yet his hours spent in studying Elocution have been by no means a loss, for instead of becoming a gallant society dude, as one would imagine him capable of, he is to become a famous theatrical manager. For instance, his troupe will be presenting some of Shakespeare's most popular productions as early as the season 1920, at the largest, most up to date playhouse in America."

Still another elf was found under an oddly shaped rock. It said, "Virgie Beal, the runt of the class, will become still runtier with years. If followed in her career she will be found to ripen into a sweet old lady, who spent her early life among her relatives, teaching their young daughters how to bewitch the fellows."

A few steps from the stone upturned last was another. I peeped under it and these words came from a tiny withered mouth, "Elon's best known athlete, Staley Wicker, champion in basketball and baseball, after serving as coach at U. N. C. will leave for New York. There he will be manager of the New York National League, composed of such fellows as Willie Cotton, Hobbs, Marmaduke Woodward, and Stirling Love, loyal Elonites."

The last and most weird in appearance of all the dozen elves kindly told me that I was doomed to be a spinster. My life would be devoted to downtrodden womanhood, and all efforts of mine would be crowned at last with victory for the suffragettes.

Unreasonable, do you say? It can be easily accounted for. Since I was supposed to be the prophet, my mind was naturally burdened with the future of the illustrious dozen of the Class of 1913. All thoughts were closely riveted upon that one great theme. So was it remarkable that such abnormal impressions should occur to me?

THE PROPHET.



# Licentiate of Instruction Class

COLOR: *White*

MOTTO: *Onward, Upward*

FLOWER: *Lilac*

YELL : Ra! Ra! Rah! Rah! We're L. I.'s  
Ra! Ra! Rah! Rah! Lilac! Lilac!  
Ra! Ra! Rah! Rah! We're L. I.'s

## Officers

MYRTIE LAWRENCE

*President*

PEARL JONES.....

*Secretary*

ISAAC J. KELLUM.....

*Historian*

LILLIAN JOHNSON.....

*Poet*

## Poem

How sweet to think of bygone days,  
Of childhood in its beauty,  
To steal away and live again  
The life without a duty.

There were no sorrows, neither cares,  
Our sky was all sunny,  
There came to us no serious thought  
But everything was funny.

How sweet the memory of those days  
That passed as does the morning,  
And left us nearing noontide of life  
Without the proper 'dorning.

The adorning of the mind we mean,  
Which should be clothed with knowledge,  
And the proper way to fit the cloak  
Is by going off to college.

But any college would not do—  
The best we wisely sought,  
So Myrtle, Pearl, Ike, and I  
Came to Elon to be taught.

We're only three years old, you see,  
You'll understand this when  
I tell you we entered here  
In nineteen hundred and ten.

And since that day we've begun to live  
The life that's really new,  
We've thrown away our ignorance  
For knowledge real and true.

We took our work in the L. I. course  
Of which we're not ashamed,  
It's what you put into your work  
"There's nothing in a name"!

This course makes us true pedagogues  
And that's what we've been seeking,  
We want to get out in the world  
And raise the standard, teaching.

'Tis not the "filthy lucre," friends,  
That we came here pursuing;  
Great greed to gain the silver coin  
Would be for our undoing.

True, we must live by honest sweat,  
For that was ordained of old,  
But to live and help another live  
Is better than all the gold.

This is the standard we have raised  
And it must ne'er be lower  
We'll hold it there and gain the prize,  
We'll make our home run score.

And those who've helped us there to look  
Upon the life worth living,  
We would restore an hundredfold  
If we but had the giving.

This college course has cost us much  
Of anxious toil and care,  
But only those who climb the hill  
Can the summit's blessing share.

And if success should come to us  
As we climb round by round,  
We'll humbly turn to dear Elon  
And lay our trophies down.

POET.

## Licentiate of Instruction Class History

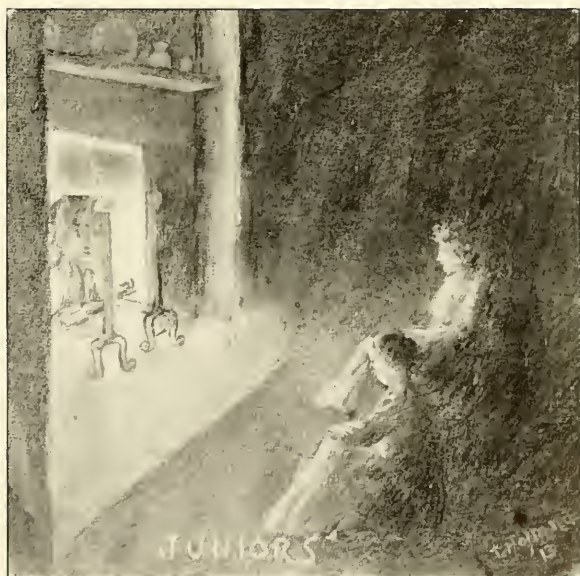
IN recounting the history of the L. I. Class, we believe it would not be amiss to set forth some of the reasons that led us Elonward three short years ago. Having chosen the teaching profession as our life calling and desiring a maximum of training at a minimum outlay of time, we were attracted to Elon and the L. I. course. Here, in the fall of nineteen and ten, we came. Buoyant, hopeful, aspiring were we. Imbued we were with a desire for a broader life and a larger purpose. Before us there loomed like a stupenduous mountain peak three arduous years of study. Through all these years Myrtie, Lillian, Pearle, and the writer have toiled on. Sometimes our paths have been strewn with flowers, sometimes with thorns, but we have ever kept before us the motto, "Onward, upward," believing that "Over the Alps lies Italy."

To the girls of this class all praise is due, for it was a noble sacrifice of theirs to forego the pleasure and enjoyments of home life, casting away all thoughts of matrimony, choosing rather to give their lives and talents to the service of humanity in another direction. During the three years they have been in college each of these young ladies has distinguished herself by studious application, constancy to an ideal, and excellence of moral character. Each has been a leader and a model whether in the classrooms or without. To each of these, we might add without fear of contradiction, has come the wooings of a lover.

From the beginning our class has been small in number but it is large in possibilities. If it has any peculiar characteristics it is the one desire to know and to be. In scholarship, we believe, our class will compare favorably with those gone before us.

As we near the end we trust we are able to say we have kept the faith, we have fought a good fight, we are ready to be delivered up to the world with its tasks and responsibilities. As we stand on the mountain top and take a retrospective view of the years spent here all the vexations and trials have vanished. Naught but a sense of joy and pleasure remain. It is with a feeling of reluctance, indeed, that we come to the point where we must part from the friends we have learned to love so well and go from our dear old Alma Mater. We fain would linger here yet a little while and bask again in the loveliness of Elon's beautiful campus and in the nooks and corners that have become so dear; but duty calls; we obey.

HISTORIAN.







# Junior Class

MOTTO : *Nihil nisi optimum*

FLOWER : *Violet*

COLORS : *Black and gold*

YELL : Zipa ray! Zipa rah!  
He! Hi! Ha!  
"Ain't we beans?"  
Juniors! Juniors!  
Nineteen hundred and fourteen.

## Officers

GILMER GUSTAVE HOLLAND.....	<i>President</i>
BLANCHE LONG NEWMAN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
CHARLES WESLEY ROUNTREE.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
FREDERICK FLETCHER MYRICK.....	<i>Historian</i>
VIOLA VIRGINIA ROLLINGS.....	<i>Poet</i>

## Members

S. S. MYRICK	EMMA HOLLAND	J. F. MORGAN
C. C. JOHNSON		NINA PINNIX
M. S. REVEL		ETHEL BARRETT
GRACE ROLLINGS		SALLIE FOSTER
BETTIE ELLIS		VERA GAY

## Junior Class History

IN the spring of 1910, upon the eve of our graduation day in High School, the idea of attending some higher institution of learning dawned upon our minds. We had conceived the idea that we were educated, and desired to make manifest our intelligence. During the summer, in our most brilliant manner, we corresponded with many colleges endeavoring to find a suitable one where we might for awhile reside, as the idea of "going to college" was then looming high. Among all the colleges Elon impressed us most.

When the opening of the school in the fall rolled around we boarded the trains from many climes, bound for Elon in the "Old North State." Upon our arrival we looked into many unfamiliar faces. The professors met us and greeted us with a hearty handshake and a smile. They took great delight in introducing us to the Seniors, whose most peculiar pleasure was to introduce us to the gazing Sophomores and Juniors. The introduction made us feel as though we were the guests of the college, and that we should be honored by our schoolmates. All through our Freshman year, with this idea in mind, we endeavored to convince the Faculty and those of the higher classes that we were not ordinary Freshmen, but students equal to the best in college. We undertook to convince them of this fact, not only in the classroom but in the different organizations of the college. We would go to the societies and debate against the Juniors and Seniors as boldly as Cicero spoke against Catiline. We attended the Christian Endeavor, Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A., and were the first to speak, because we always had something to say.

After going through ten months of such experiences, Commencement came. The professors told us we were then Sophomores. Of course we realized it. When fall came and the next session opened, we were back on the Hill to see our old friends and the "Newish" come in. It was no hard task for us to see ourselves of the fall before, because all around us were the Freshmen, walking the royal road which we had walked. We could see many of their mistakes, but as Sophomores we had not yet learned to profit by them, as we had not finally lost the idea of our importance.

As time went on we soon conceived the idea that we, being the wise class of the college, should organize. We did so. Then we adopted as our motto: "*Nihil nisi optimum.*" Sophomores we were, striving for nothing but the best. This year we were not quite so anxious to express ourselves before the public as the year before, as we felt a little trembling about the knees and also feared that we would create a laugh among our fellow students. But we went on and had our fun, as Sophomores generally do. Every time the rules were suspended

for social periods, there was a joint meeting of the Sophomores. But on occasions of this kind we usually met in pairs, as there was no special business of the class to be transacted.

At the closing of the Sophomore year we realized that we were Juniors sure enough. We began to realize that we were not educated then, neither were we the best and wisest in the college, but merely beginners in the field of thought and education. Our Junior year has brought to us much thought and consideration of ourselves. The question of our vocation in life is pressing upon us with more force than ever before. We have reached the point where we can begin to see out in the great beyond where there is much to do, and that the honor of the "doing" is awaiting someone. So in this year, while the third seal has been opened, we catch a glimpse of what our next and last year in college should be. We shall assume the role of dignified Seniors.

In spite of all our confusions and errors we have slowly but surely been pressing toward the mark of progress and prosperity. Many of us this year hold offices in the different organizations of the college and are meeting them with much success. We hope to continue our success while in college and when we get out in the world still hold high the banner of our Alma Mater.

HISTORIAN.



## Junior Class Poem

The time is gently stealing  
When we, the Class '14,  
Shall be in life revealing  
Our hopes and joys supreme.

Three years we've been together  
And, in our joy and pain,  
We've worked through wintry weather,  
Through sunshine and through rain.

The path of life has broadened,  
Our work is near its goal,  
Our hope and faith are strengthened  
And joys now flood the soul.

The future, big with promise,  
Looms bright upon our view,  
Success is now before us  
While we our strength renew.

At founts of truth and wisdom  
We've lingered many a day,  
And caught oftentimes a vision  
Which all our lives shall sway.

In our motto full believing,  
"Nihil nisi optimum,"  
We'll toil in life, receiving  
Reward for duty done.

And in the distant future  
Beyond the eternal bar,  
With life in fullest measure  
Within the gates ajar.

We shall for aye be doing  
Through years eternally  
The work we're here pursuing,  
Both well and faithfully.

POET.

SOPH'



WIDE GUY



# Sophomore Class

MOTTO : *Labore et Honore*

FLOWER : *Trailing arbutus*

COLOR : *Green and gold*

YELL : Ray! Ray! Rah! Rah!  
Riften! Riften!  
We are driftin'  
Sophomores, Sophomores  
Nineteen fifteen.

## Officers

WILLIAM CODY PURCELL.....	President
RUTH JOHNSON.....	Vice-President
IONE McCauley.....	Secretary
BEATRICE MASON.....	Treasurer
OMA UTLEY.....	Historian
BEATRICE MASON.....	Poet

## Members

PATTIE PRESTON	R. K. HANCOCK
W. C. MORGAN	LILLIE DALRYMPLE
M. C. BARBEE	J. L. FARMER
J. V. KNIGHT	O. D. POYTHRESS
W. J. COTTON	J. C. PEEL
S. B. McCauley	E. T. COTTON

## Sophomore Class History

ON the third day of September in nineteen hundred and eleven our class wandered into the unknown mysteries of the Hill. We had had glorious fancies and brilliant ideas as to how things would be, but, strange to say, only a few things coincided with our imaginations. After we arrived on Nature's Hill, the girls and boys parted and took up their abode in West and East Dormitories respectively. At seven-thirty in the evening we were assembled in the spacious dining hall for our first evening meal together. Even before the meal was over we were getting familiar and learning to distinguish those who were to be our classmates.

Early the next morning we were ushered over to the President's office to undergo the peculiar sensation of matriculation. We, as new students and of a good emerald hue, had always thought of this ordeal as something fearful, and "Verily, verily, I say unto you," we were not disappointed, for we appeared before that august personage, the Registrar, with fear and trembling. We wondered how everything seemed so free and easy to the old students when to us the very buildings were labyrinths. Although we were Freshies we soon got in line and received our token of admission to the college.

Realizing no student body could exist without a beginning, we felt ourselves the most important part of the college. Knowing that hazing was out of the question at Elon we experienced no fear, for our boys and girls were treated with all courtesy and love that could be shown by the old students.

At the close of the second day we thought all the excitement had passed and we were to begin poring over our textbooks; again we were mistaken. On the third evening, at eight o'clock, we were led into the Reception Hall by the Seniors. Can you picture the awe, consternation and despair which overspread our faces, or the trembling sounds from half parted lips, or the awkward bows made when we were welcomed to the Walk of Fame by the stately Faculty and introduced to the student body. Of all receptions that was one to be remembered by us. We thought the evening would never come to a close.

That which attracted our attention most for the first few weeks was announcements made in the Auditorium of the meetings of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes. We wondered why we were left out. Inquiring into the matter we were duly but gently reminded by the unrelenting Sophomores that no class at Elon College was allowed to organize until it reached the Sophomore year; neither did this satisfy nor please us. It was a struggle with us until after Christmas. Then our desires were gratified. On the evening of February seventh, nineteen twelve, we met and organized, appointing the following to be our leaders



for the remainder of the year: President, Oma Utley; Secretary, John Farmer; Treasurer, Nellie Davis. Being the first organized Freshman Class at Elon College we felt our importance, which gave us new zeal in our work.

Now as to what we did in athletics. We had things going very much our way. In baseball we won the class championship. We also furnished the Varsity team six good men—there were two pitchers, Warren and Malone, the other players being Atkinson, Ingle, Poythress, and Southard. In basketball we also won the championship, which was an easy thing to do. On the Varsity we were represented by Atkinson, Homewood, and Southard. McCauley did honor to his class by excellent tennis playing. Our class was represented in the Interstate Track Meet at Guilford by Homewood, Ritchie, Morgan, and Loy. Manager Homewood won the first place in the high vault.

Only a few weeks and the final examinations were upon us, when we parted to spend a few short days with our "loved ones at home." It was only a sleep and a dream until we were back on the Hill again, but not as "Freshies." We were then Sophomores, and proud we were of it, too. The best amusement we had for the next few days was in helping the Freshmen to become adjusted to their new home. We wondered why they were such "Innocents," forgetting that one year ago we were as bad or even worse.

It was only a few days until we came together to see who of our class had remained faithful. We had decreased to about half of our number, but did not let that discourage us. We remembered the old adage, "The more the merrier, but the fewer the better share."

This year our standard of athletics has been considerably lowered, but the stand taken in society work has more than balanced this loss. In the three entertainments given by the literary societies eight of our number have taken a prominent part and done honor to their class, society, and to themselves. Only a small part of our greatness has been told, but on March the twenty-fourth all will be revealed.

HISTORIAN.



## Sophomore Class Poem

Yes, we're the Class of 1915,  
The class that fights to win,  
Upward, forward, we are striving  
As on our barks we sail away!  
And yet with many a trial and struggle  
And with many a thrill and flutter  
To steer our course 'mid storm and calm,  
We're onward bound—sailing away!

As nature was gently shifting anew  
Her bright and gorgeous colors too,  
When to this sacred spot we came,  
A year ago, to call it home,  
And 'tho our number has decreased  
As Father Time his days increased,  
And though we weep the few to see—  
In quality we are none the less.

Fame we have won in athletics  
That puzzle all to understand,  
But ere the world shall pass away  
We'll sing one triumphant song.  
Renown we claim for our organization  
And colors rare for adaptation,  
Throughout the walls of doubt and fear  
My comrades, you shall laurels wear.

*Enavant! Enavant!* Our watchword true  
That calls us onward when we're blue;  
Wonderful thoughts in bright array,  
Fancies and soon to pass away.  
*Labore et Honore* our motto sure,  
Which guides and helps us to endure  
The grums and growls of professors' frowns,  
Trying to love to hear them expound.

Yes, we will reach the heights beyond us  
Though we seem on desert strand.  
But our days are stepping stones,  
We're building, drifting Sophomores,  
We may go down, true, now and then,  
But we're always sure to come up again,  
And though our lessons are sometimes a bore  
We'll study them well 'til we're Sophs no more.

Lift high your heads, wise Sophomores,  
With the memory of E. C. in them.  
While we struggle on from day to day  
And though the days seem weary,  
We'll arrive at victory  
On our glad triumphant day.

POET.

# The Freshman.



As The Prof sees him.



As he sees himself.

N. Joyner  
1/2



# Freshman Class

MOTTO : *Labor omnia vincit*

FLOWER : *Lily of the valley*

COLORS : *Green and white*

YELL : He! Hi! Ho! Hum!  
 "Frisch" "Fraich" "Freshmun"  
 Big noise, big fuss,  
 Something doing, that's us.

## Officers

THOMAS P. HARWARD.....	.....President
WILLIAM T. SCARBORO.....	.....Vice-President
JAMES C. JOYNER.....	.....Secretary
MYRTLE MOSER.....	.....Treasurer
ANNIE L. WICKER.....	.....Port
PAUL V. PARKS.....	.....Historian

## Members

PEARLE ANDERSON	W. L. KINNEY	VIOLA PRICE
J. M. BAIN	ADDIE LASHLEY	J. L. RAND
R. T. BRADFORD	DELLA LAWSON	ANNIE RIPPY
DAPHNE BOWMAN	W. T. LEWIS	CLARA SHARP
ORA BROWER	W. D. LOY	EVA SKINNER
R. F. BROWN	EUGENIA McCAIN	BLANCHE TEAGUE
IDA CARTER	GRACE McCULLERS	ESSIE MAY TIDWELL
IRMA GLAUSS	GERTRUDE MASON	P. D. TILLET
LOLA HAMILTON	MADGE MOFFITT	H. W. VAUGHN
W. R. HARDESTY	M. R. MONTAGUE	B. E. WILKINS
S. H. HOBBS	W. S. MOORE	BERTHA WILSON
VANNIE JONES	F. P. PARKS	H. E. WOOD
	MABEL PICKETT	

## Freshman Class History

IN calling your attention to the past deeds and wonderful works of the Freshman Class of Elon College, I feel and know that I am justifiable in saying that it has been "The One Class" since the founding of the institution. We came here in the fall, September the fourth, nineteen hundred and twelve, a band of men and women with the full fledged idea of entering college. When we first made footprints on the "sands" of the college campus, we felt that the night was far spent and the day was at hand, so it was for us to cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. Though we knew not each other by name, yet we had a mutual confidence in and sympathy for the ones that stood around for the first few days as if gazing into the far mist of the unknown future. The Faculty seemed to do all in their power to make us feel at home, but my! how the "poor little Sophs and Seniors" liked to sweep by us, but the cool wind caused by their passing was the only sweet remembrance we have of them as our first impressions.

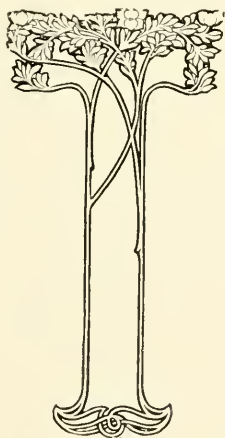
On the first morning of the college opening Dr. Harper announced that all students should go to the President's office for matriculation and registration. To be fair, the rising up of unknown being would not have been any greater shock than the utterance of those two memorable words. "What! Matriculation and Registration? No, sir, you aint going to 'ketch' us doing nothin' like that," said "Papa" T. Searboro. But on being informed as to their meaning, we took courage and did the "Do." We of course soon felt the calm after the storm, and began to realize that the thing to do was to live and learn. So, as soon as possible, the young men suggested a meeting of the class in order that the names of the fairer sex might be learned, and that a more complete organization might be brought about. The first class meeting of the largest class in the history of the college was held. This was the time when all the students, or rather those who "knew," came in to show us "how." To our sorrow we had to bid them farewell and show them the door. T. P. Harwood was elected President, W. T. Searboro Vice-President, J. C. Joyner Secretary, and Myrtle Moser Treasurer. Everything was carried on in the very best style. After this we were more at ease. So we began to look about us to see in what way we might apply ourselves in making our class what it really is.

When Coach Doak requested that all men interested in baseball be on the field for practice, not a few Freshies were present. Being new men no one knew what the other was capable of doing. But when Dowd walked into the pitcher's box and began his delivery with both feet and hands at the same time, all were ill at ease to know where the ball was going to find its last resting place. Yet

we were not discouraged, for when "Little Jimmy" trotted out across the field and "Tom" waited behind the bat, while Hollis stood six feet two and a half on the mound, with "Ankles" on first base, "John" picking up the "grass cutters" on short, "Paul" fumbling around on second, while Malone was standing on third gazing at the flies that fell into the hands of Rand and Vaughn, we were impressed with these words, "Be ye not afraid."

In the interclass games we stood the winners and victors. We were satisfied that if we could carry out the teaching of our motto, "*Labor omnia vincit*" the slogan of the student body would be, "Watch the Freshies win." At the close of the fall practice of baseball, basketball became the topic of the day. Did we play basketball? Ask the Sophomores; if they won't tell you, ask the Juniors. Then if they won't, the Seniors will. We won the championship in basketball and furnished the college team with three men; Bradford, Atkinson, and Vaughn. So any one can see that the Class of Nineteen Sixteen will win for itself a name.

HISTORIAN.



## Freshman Class Poem

When our kind and thoughtful prophet  
Planned the future for us all,  
Then with skilful hands the Masons  
Laid the brick for Freshman wall.

Brick by brick it started upward,  
With a hand most firm and skill,  
But before we reached the topmost  
We'll become like Jack and Jill.

And while our wall is quite low,	Our floors were made of Har'wood
Our poet had a dream	And highly polished too,
Of Freshman's castle all complete.	While Tillett at the entrance stood
And oh, how real it seemed.	To welcome all and bid adieu.

On our walls were lovely paintings  
Curiously wrought by artist skill—  
The price of which we will not name  
For you'd never foot the Bill.

Our Parks were green and pretty	Bold Sophomores now are we
With beds of flowers too.	For Freshmen now have fled.
We planted here the Lily	For Freshmen you can't drive, you know,
Our own class flower true.	They simply must be led.

Every one was busy now  
Preparing for the feast,  
The Juniors too were happy  
Looking forward to their treat.

And when the feast was ready	The banquet was enjoyed
And tables all were spread,	By each and every one,
Our Carver did her duty	We laughed until we cried
And saw that all were fed.	At jokes by Anderson.

And when the feast was over,  
'Twas almost tomorrow,  
Sweet music filled the air  
With strains of Annie Laurie.

Then Madge played on and on,  
She played with skill and Grace  
The dear old sound of Holmes sweet home,  
Then Erma took her place.

And all of us departed	Then on the 'morrow morn
And Jimmy joined the crowd.	The dream came to an end.
We heard some one weeping	'Twas but a dream, after all,
And found it was Mr. Dowd.	For we were Fresh again.

Poet.



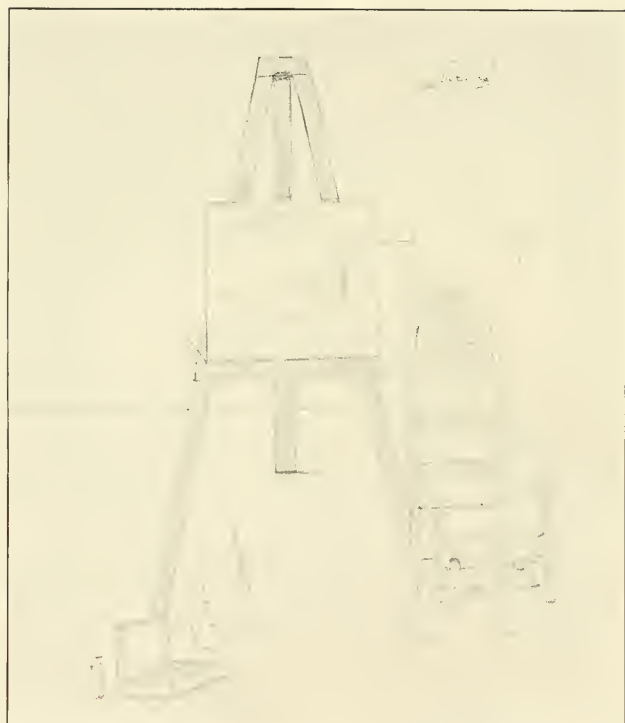




## Expression Class

NELLIE SUE FLEMING	.....	.....	<i>President</i>
ETHEL CREWS BARRETT	.....	.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HUGH PHILIP CLINE	.....	.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

S. S. MYRICK	
MARY WILLIAMS	
KATHLEEN BROTHERS	
SALLIE FOSTER	
VIOLA FRAZIER	
MYRTLE MCCLEARY	
ANNIE LAURIE WICKER	



## Art Class

ANNIE CORINE BAGWELL.....*President*  
THELMA ISELEY CLYMER.....*Vice-President*  
LARLIE MAY TAYLOR.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

PEARL MICHAEL  
ANNIE LAURIE WICKER  
HELEN LAWRENCE  
EVA COLE  
ESTHER FULLER  
BETTIE ELLIS  
LILLIAN JOHNSON

THOMPSIE HOLLAND  
RUTH JOHNSON  
MARY WILLIAMS  
LIZZIE NEVILLE  
NAOMI JOYNER  
RUTH HALL  
LEONA HINTON









# Music Class

W. C. FRANKS.	--	<i>President</i>
PEARL TUCK.		<i>Vice-President</i>
GRACE ROLLINGS--		<i>Secretary</i>
ANNIE BAGWELL.		<i>Treasurer</i>

## Class Roll

ADDIE LASHLIE	B. E. WILKINS
GERTRUDE BROWN	CARL GERRINGER
PRETTE BROWN	MINNIE REIDELL
ANNIE SIMPSON	PEARLE FOGLEMAN
RUTH JOHNSON	VERA GAY
JENNIE WILLIS ATKINSON	ETHEL CREWS BARRETT
ELISE WEEDON	MADGE MOFFITT
JESSIE GILLIAM	ESSIE HOUCHINS
FRANCES THOMAS	GERTRUDE MASON
RUTH THOMAS WICKER	RUBY MICHAEL
MADELLE WOODRUFF	HATTIE HOWARD
ESTHER FULLER	RUTH ALDRIDGE
EVA COLE	MAIBELLE PRITCHETTE
VIOLA PRICE	BLANCHE NEWMAN
MARY D. ATKINSON	HOLLIS ATKINSON
GRACE McCOLLERS	J. F. MORGAN
ANNIE L. REITZEL	ESSIE MAY TIDWELL
EDNA McNALLY	ANNIE RIPPY
KATHLENE HUFFMAN	BEATRICE MASON



COLLEGE BAND

# Organizations

## Alumni Association

REV. J. W. JOHNSON, *President*

PROF. N. F. BRANNOCK, *Vice-President*

MRS. W. A. HARPER, *Secretary*

MRS. W. P. LAWRENCE, *Treasurer*

MRS. J. K. RUEBUSH, *Commencement Orator*

MRS. R. O. E. DAVIS, *Alternate Commencement Orator*

## The Alumni

**I**F we judge a college by its alumni,—and this is not a bad standard by which to measure the quality and worth of an institution,—we shall find the mind and spirit of that college cropping out in the lives of its graduates. Elon is a small college and is young. It therefore has no great wealth in old alumni. Of its one hundred and eighty-seven graduates one hundred and eighty are still living. Of the one hundred and fourteen men graduates, one is a farmer, four are physicians, twelve are lawyers, eighteen entered insurance, mercantile and other kinds of business, four are Y. M. C. A. secretaries, forty are teachers, and thirty-five are ministers. Of the seventy-three women graduates thirty-seven have married, thirty-one are teachers, and the remainder are either special students in one or other of the fine arts, or at their homes, gracing domestic life with their college accomplishments. Several of the alumni are teaching in colleges, one is Dean of the Faculty in a Western college, and one is President of his Alma Mater.

No graduate has gone out from the college who was not at the time of his graduation a member of some church. The alumni thus stand for morality and righteousness in whatever community their lots may be cast. They make citizens who believe in civic righteousness, intelligence, and industrial progress.

Perhaps no college has a finer spirited group of alumni than has Elon, and the future of the institution is secure when resting upon such friends. As the alumni grow in numbers and in influence, the college grows through the reflex influence of their success and prosperity, and also through its own consciousness of usefulness and increasing efficiency. As the college shall need money and staunch friends in the coming years it will find a telling response from the alumni.



Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

VERA GAY  
*Corresponding Secretary*

PEARLE JONES  
*Vice-President*

JANIE L. BEALE  
*Treasurer*

SALLIE FOSTER  
*President*

VIOLA ROLLINS  
*Secretary*

## Y. W. C. A.

ELON COLLEGE was born and has ever been maintained in an energetic Christian atmosphere. Zealous Christian workers laid its foundation; through toil, prayer, and faith, consecrated hearts opened it as a college. In such an atmosphere Christian movements took on new life and vigor, among which was the Young Women's Christian Association. This Association means a great deal to the spiritual life of the college. It seeks to promote an earnest Christian life among the young women, to increase their mutual acquaintance, to make them more useful in the service of the Master. It is an inspiration and a restraint, a school of prayer and wholesome training, offering happy and holy friendships, and opening beautiful doors for sweet communion with our Heavenly Father. We believe most thoroughly in the mission of our Association as a child of the church, as a strong servant of our Savior, and as a mighty redeeming training factor in the conquest of the world for Christ. The vitality which has flowed out into homes, schools, churches, and wherever Elon women may be found, can not be estimated.

The regular weekly meetings of the Association are held on Sunday afternoon in the College Auditorium. As a rule the meetings have always been well attended, but the attendance is far better this year than ever before. More live interest is put in the service, which is culminating in greater results.

It is our custom to hold a reception on the first Saturday evening after the opening of each college year and every girl in college is sent a written invitation. The social committee prepares an entertaining program, which consists of social games, contests, recitations, music and other features, but the last item on the program is always the serving of refreshments, during which the President (Toast-mistress) calls on the old members for suitable toasts. Everyone always seems to thoroughly enjoy the evening, which means a great deal to the Association. It arouses an interest and expresses the spirit of the Association in the very beginning of the session.

It sends representatives to the various Y. W. C. A. conventions. Misses Bettie Ellis and Myrtle McCleary were sent as delegates to the convention held at Greenville, N. C., January 31 to February 3 of this year. A week of prayer is held previous to the revival services and continues through the same. These meetings are conducted by influential leaders for about twenty minutes after study hours each evening. We generally have a visit from the Field Secretary during the year. Miss Emma J. Bryant, of New York City, paid us a very pleasant visit last spring and spoke to us on "Christian Womanhood." The Association was favored with an address by Rev. C. H. Rowland, of Franklin, Virginia, February 2 of this year. He spoke in an appealing manner from the text: "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she will be praised." Proverbs 31:30.

The Association is on the upward grade. Its membership has almost doubled in the last year. It gives us great pleasure to know that all the young ladies who room in the Dormitory and the Ladies' Hall, with the exception of three, belong to the Association. While we rejoice over the large number who have enrolled with us, we greatly regret that the other three have not. The tokens of advancing life and the promise of greater enlargement are shining out before us. If the Association continues to increase in interest and abides in the strength which comes from a close relationship with the Master, the present results will be a prophecy of far greater things to come.

V. E. F.



### Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

W. S. WICKER, *Corresponding Secretary*

S. S. MYRICK, *Secretary*

F. F. MYRICK, *Vice-President*

A. L. HOOK, *President*

C. B. RIDDLE, *Treasurer*



## Y. M. C. A.

SOON after the opening of the college in 1890 the Young Men's Christian Association was organized. The first President was N. G. Newman, who was one of the first men to graduate from the college. During the first year of the Y. M. C. A. at Elon three

Bible study classes were organized and nearly every student in college belonged to one of these classes and took an active part in the Y. M. C. A. work. Under the auspices of this organization a new weekly Sunday School prayer meeting was held in the College Auditorium every Sunday evening. This prayer meeting was continued for about ten years. About the year 1899 the Christian Endeavor Society was organized and superseded the Sunday School prayer meeting.

The Y. M. C. A. met in the College Auditorium until it was given a hall in 1902. While F. T. Banks was President the hall was furnished with a carpet, chairs, and an organ.

The Y. M. C. A. has organized Bible study, personal workers, and Mission study classes. Every year the Y. M. C. A. sends representatives to the Students' Y. M. C. A. Convention. The representatives this year were A. L. Hook and S. S. Myrick. During the revival meetings, which have been held every year since 1895, special prayer meetings are held for about thirty minutes before and after each service.

This organization has been a great help to scores of students and has been the means of bringing many students to the Master. It has a very marked effect on the religious life of the college.



### Christian Endeavor Society

A. T. BANKS, *President*

JANIE LEE BEALE, *Assistant Secretary*

NELLIE SUE FLEMING, *Vice-President*

GRACE ROLLINGS, *Treasurer*

PEARLE FOGLEMAN, *Secretary*

## The Society of Christian Endeavor

FOR more than ten years the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor has been one of the most helpful aids to the moral and religious life of the college. This Society was organized in October, 1899. The first meeting was held Sunday evening, October 8, 1899, and was addressed by Miss Ruth Worth, of Raleigh, N. C., Secretary of the State Christian Endeavor Union. Her subject was, "What Christian Endeavor Stands For." This Society has had a healthy and vigorous life from the beginning, having a large membership of the most devout and positively religious life of the Institution. Its influence has been large in the State Union, furnishing the President and some other officers for a number of years, and contributing money and large delegations to the meetings of the State Union. The records of the Society at hand show the officers since 1903 only. The following is the list of Presidents:

E. M. CARTER, September 11, 1903, to January 11, 1904  
D. R. FOXVILLE, January 11, 1904, to September 12, 1904  
W. C. WICKER, September 12, 1904, to January 8, 1906  
W. A. HARPER, January 8, 1906, to January 24, 1907  
G. O. LANKFORD, January 24, 1907, to September 12, 1907  
W. P. LAWRENCE, September 12, 1907, to September 28, 1908  
J. T. COBB, September 28, 1908, to September 8, 1909  
T. C. AMICK, September 8, 1909, to September 13, 1910  
MISS AFFIE GRIFFIN, September 13, 1910, to May 18, 1911  
MISS MABEL FARMER, May 18, 1911, to April 14, 1912  
A. T. BANKS, April 14, 1912, to the present time.

Early in the history of the Society, a Junior Society was organized and has continued from its first meeting a live active auxiliary to the Senior Society.

The Christian Endeavor weekly meetings are held in the College Auditorium each Sunday evening of the college year, and, almost without exception, are highly interesting, instructive, and helpful. There is freedom in manner, earnestness in tone, impressiveness and inspiration in music, and faith in prayer.



# Ministerial Association

A. T. BANKS  
J. V. KNIGHT  
S. S. MYRICK.  
C. B. RIDDLE.

*President*  
*Vice-President*  
*Secretary*  
*Treasurer*

## Members

B. M. WILLIAMS	D. T. SURREATT
W. L. MONROE	L. W. FOGLEMAN
T. J. GREEN	F. H. ANDERSON
J. W. SHORT	O. D. POYTHRESS
H. S. SMITH	E. T. COTTON
H. M. NEESE	C. W. ROUNTREE
W. H. NEESE	W. T. LEWIS
W. B. FULLER	R. F. BROWN
A. K. RIPPEY	J. F. APPLE
W. C. HOOK	B. J. EARP
F. C. LESTER	J. B. HURLEY
R. S. RAINEY	J. F. MORGAN
D. F. PARSONS	W. D. LOY

## Ministerial Association

AFTER years of meditation, prayer and consultation, attempt after attempt was made to effect a permanent organization until September, 1910, when a complete organization known as the Ministerial Students Association was organized with eighteen zealous and consecrated members. The purpose of the Association is to promote a real feeling of brotherhood among those students who are looking to the ministry as a life work, for the spiritual development of each member, and to aid the members along the line of public speaking. The Association meets every Wednesday evening during the college year from week to week in devotional services, which is a service of spiritual development and mental benefit to all.

The call and claims of the ministry are considered peculiar to all other professions or vocations common to man. No one would enter the ministry without believing that he had a Divine call from God. To all the prophets, leaders, and apostles mentioned in the Bible came a direct call from God in word or revelation. Most men choose their own profession to suit their choice; the ministry is thought of as a calling rather than a profession. Men enter it because they feel it a call and not from choice or pleasure. It is a covenant entered into between God and man. The call is universal in its scope: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." It means sacrifice in this life and reward in the life to come. "He that would lose his life for my sake shall find it."

As the call to the ministry is a peculiar one, so also are the claims of the ministry peculiar to all vocations or professions of man. The minister claims the respect of both the godly and the ungodly; the cultured and the uncultured; the prince and the pauper; the rich and the poor; yea, all classes of men. He who would do a shameful act, use indecent or vile language, will refrain from it in the presence of a minister. Not only does the ministry claim the respect of the individuals but it claims a place in the highest circles of society. In all religious meetings, marriage feasts, and public gatherings for the uplift of man it is sought and given a place of honor. It claims a place in the best of homes, in prison and places of vice and crime. He who would strike his neighbor with a deadly blow, withholds it from the preacher even in times of greatest fury. He who would frown at his friend will smile at the minister. Not only does the ministry claim the respect and best of all classes of men, but it claims the richest gifts and promises of Heaven. No other class of men has such emphatic promises in the Word as the disciples. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my words shall not pass away." He who speaks the word of God is honored more than any ruler who sits upon the throne of the highest honors in the governments of the world. All the great reformations of the world in Church and State were brought about by the ministers of various periods of time. Hence the minister claims a place among the leaders of men. He is looked upon as the ideal for men to pattern after. As Christ is the Mediator between God and man, so the preacher reveals the life of Christ to his fellows.

Realizing these responsibilities and duties demanded of the minister, the Ministerial Students Association is seeking to develop its members in these various aspects of life. To fit and qualify them so that they "*Need not be ashamed.*"

The Association is growing in interest, influence and membership. The meetings are largely attended. Its influence is felt and seen in all the organizations of the college. There is an active membership at present of thirty-three.

The Association is also seeking to bring about the purpose of the church in its full consummation when the church shall no longer be a militant church but a church triumphant.

PRESIDENT.







PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY





PHILOLOGIAN HALL



PSI PHI EPSILON LITERARY SOCIETY



ESPLANADE HALL



CLIO LITERARY SOCIETY





Clo Hall



### Athletic Association Cabinet

A. L. HOOK  
*Baseball Manager*

J. C. JOYNER  
*Secretary*

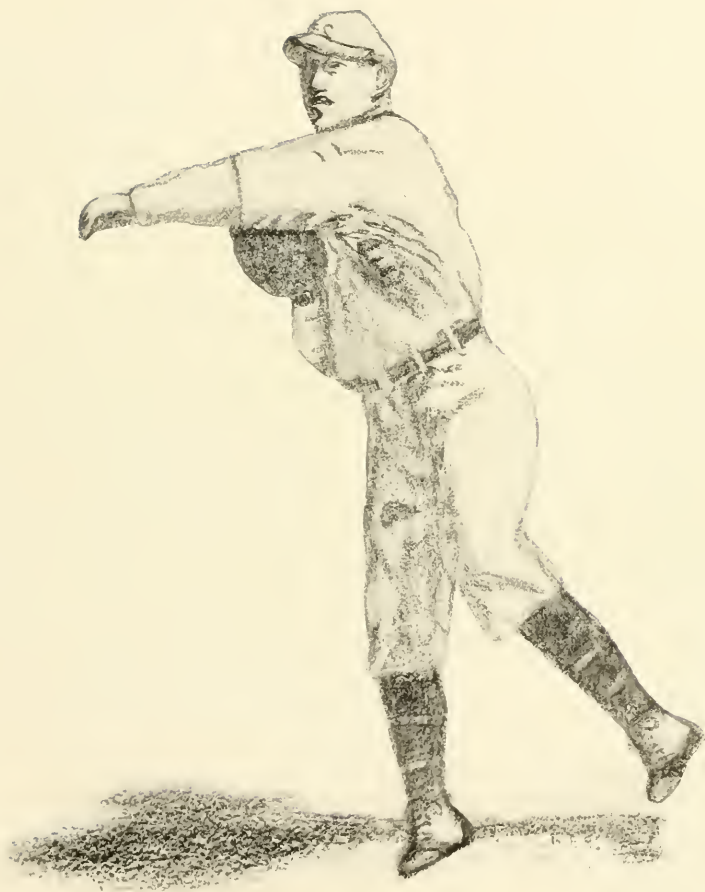
W. S. WICKER  
*Treasurer*

C. C. JOHNSON  
*Basketball Manager*

G. G. HOLLAND  
*Tennis Manager*

A. T. BANKS  
*President*

C. T. RAND  
*Vice-President*





BASEBALL SPONSOR





BASEBALL TEAM





BASKETBALL SPONSOR



	MCLEARY	
	FLEMING, <i>Manager</i>	FOSTER
GAY	TUCK, <i>Captain</i>	HOLLAND



## Basketball Team

ATKINSON, BRADFORD, RAND, VAUGHN, JOHNSON, NEWMAN, *Captain*, DOAK, *Coach*



## Girls' Basketball Team

BROTHERS

FOGLEMAN

PINNIX

UTLEY

WILLIAMS, *Captain*

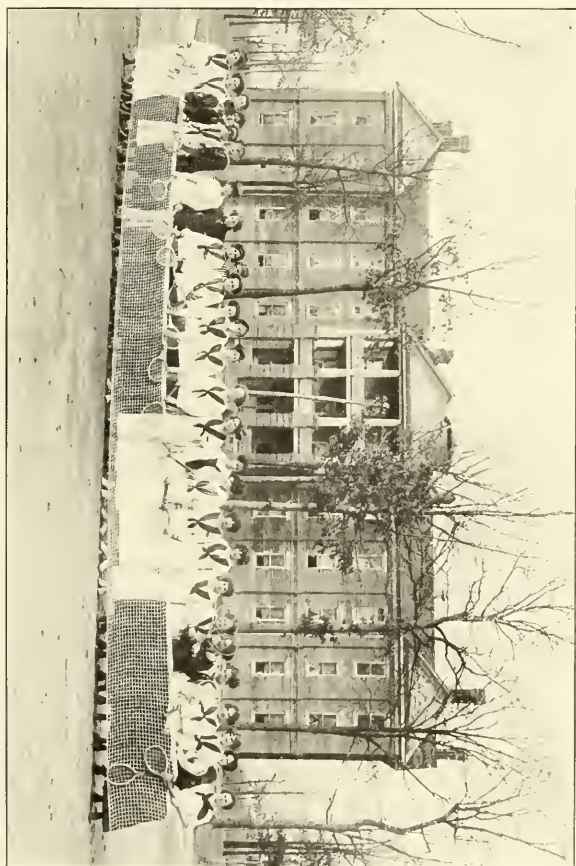
GREGORY

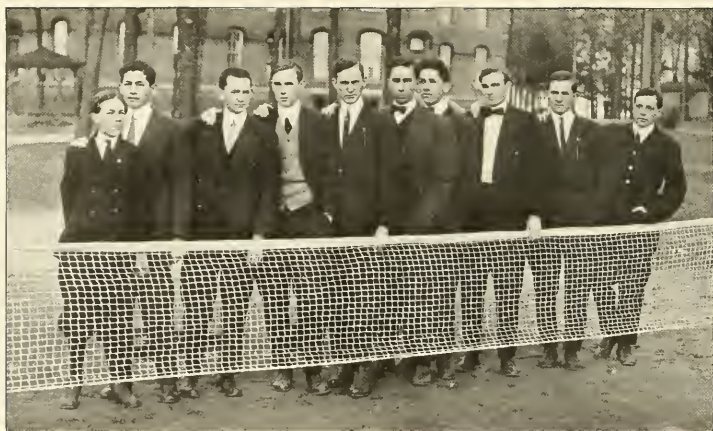




TENNIS SPONSOR







## Tennis Club

KILBY PAGE  
O. J. TILLET  
S. H. HOBBS  
W. H. GRIFFIN  
M. S. REVELL  
G. G. HOLLAND  
P. D. TILLET  
M. R. MONTAGUE  
M. B. KEA  
W. C. HOOK

# "TRACK"





Track



COACH R. S. DOAK



GYM DIRECTOR R. N. MILLER



YOUNG MEN'S DORMITORY



YOUNG LADIES' DORMITORY



### Self-Government Club

C. W. ROUNTREE	J. C. FULGHUM	W. A. BOWEN	W. C. PURCELL
W. T. SCARBORO, <i>Treasurer</i>	F. F. MYRICK, <i>Vice-President</i>		W. B. FULLER
P. D. TILLET, <i>Secretary</i>		A. L. HOOK, <i>President</i>	





ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



SIDE VIEW, YOUNG LADIES' DORMITORY





## Faculty Row

President Harper  
He's a sharper.  
That's the reason  
His name's Harper.

Dr. Amick,  
Oh, blame it!  
Is such a secretary  
You can't name it.

Professor Campbell  
Loves to ramble.  
With College money  
He does not gamble.

Bandmaster Heatwole  
Looks to me, old.  
Miss Houchins thinks  
He is very bold.

Dr. Atkinson  
He's full of fun  
To Sociology class  
He will always run.

Mary Lou Pitt  
Always has a fit  
When the girls above her  
On the floor begin to hit.

Mrs. Sallie Holland  
Has curiosity by the gallon  
What will become  
Of Mrs. Sallie Holland?

Dr. Wicker  
Can figure quicker  
Than you can take  
A drink of liquor.

Prof. Brannock  
Lies in a hammock  
He likes to look at  
An Irish shamrock.

Coachie Doak  
Will never croak  
If the boys will give him  
A cigarette to smoke.

Professor Miller,  
He's a killer.  
He loves neither  
Gold nor "siller."

Miss Wilson  
When music lesson is done  
Says she will have no man  
Under the sun.

Miss Linda Barnes  
Says she never farns  
How Amos Rippey does  
Care for Miss Barnes.

Dr. Newman,  
Excelled by few men,  
After all  
Is only human.

Professor Lawrence  
Expresses abhorrence  
Of an extended trip  
Up the St. Lawrence.

The "Venerable Puss"  
Will always expound  
Until the students  
Are spellbound.

The lady teachers,  
Such lovely creatures,  
Do their best  
To act as preachers.

Miss Eula Long  
Always sings a song  
That for Mr. Riddle  
My love is 'kinder strong!

Miss Ethel Clements  
Says of all the gents  
Her beau seems to have  
The least common sense.

Mrs. Machen is the  
Best of keepers  
While her students  
Are the reapers.

## When

GABRIEL'S HORN WILL BLOW, WHEN—  
Stirling Love gets a shave.  
Dr. Harper gets a haircut.  
Coach Doak wears a white shirt.  
Bruce wears a high collar.  
Willie Cotton smiles at a girl.  
Bettie Ellis grows tall.  
Chief Fuller picks up his feet.  
Janie Lee Beale laughs at a joke.  
Essie May Tidwell combs her hair.  
Jennie Willis Atkinson ceases to giggle.  
Vera Gay gets a paper of pins.  
Banks sits five minutes on class without going to sleep.  
Thelma Clymer quits flirting.  
Mrs. Holland keeps the girls quiet.  
Frank Malone quits loafing and borrowing matches.  
Surratt gives a sensible answer on class.  
W. C. Hook settles down.  
Dr. Newman gets warm.  
Bradford speaks at the table.  
The Junior Class gets its picture taken.  
Revell goes to Greensboro.  
Williard Griffin comes over to West Dormitory on first Sunday  
Professor Amick stops saying, "Will you please to."  
The Faculty fails to give demerits.  
Helen Lawrence doesn't have the blues.  
Miss Wilson begins to like ragtime music.  
The rules are suspended every Sunday.  
Mrs. Holland don't want to know "why."  
Elon gets to be a co-ed.

## For Sale

Several bales of hot air.—M. C. BARBEE.  
Several worn out and very gentle ponies.—JOHN FARMER.  
Goods from J. Lynn and Co.—COACH DOAK.  
One perfectly good, cream middy blouse, never has been worn by me.—THOMPSON HOLLAND.  
One good large size piece of my long tongue.—VIRGIE ESTELLE BEAL.  
The Matron.—THE DORMITORY GIRLS.  
Two more good hats.—JACK JOHNSON.  
At half price, my best girl.—MR. F. M. AYCOCK.  
My rival at High Point.—JABEZ MALONE.  
Baseball ticket.—MANAGER HOOK.

## Senior Superlatives

Biggest phule—EARP.  
Ugliest—PEARL TUCK.  
Wiseest man—SURREATT.  
Most somnicious—BANKS.  
Biggest bluff—STALEY WICKER.  
Biggest flirt—VIOLA FRAZIER.  
Most affectionate—PEARLE FOGLEMAN.  
Most popular—SEE RAT.  
Best athlete—JANIE LEE BEALE.  
Most serious—VIRGIE BEAL.  
Biggest sport—A. L. HOOK.  
Most melancholy—C. T. RAND.  
Biggest dude—A. T. BANKS.  
Best mailcarrier—VIOLA FRAZIER.  
Best looking—EARP.  
Most modest—C. T. RAND.  
Most studious—PEARL TUCK.  
Biggest loafer—NELLIE FLEMING.  
Biggest crook—A. L. HOOK.  
Laziest—JANIE LEE BEALE.  
Most regular attendant at Faculty Meeting—STALEY WICKER.  
Most religious—VIRGIE BEAL.  
Nearest married—NELLIE FLEMING.  
Last and least—PEARLE FOGLEMAN.

"Oh, Linda, how do you like my new hat?" said Miss Clements.  
"Very pretty, dear. I had one just like it when they were in style."

Flunko, Flunkere, Faculti, Fixus.

His Cardinal virtues were his red hair, "Red" Poythress.

Scarboro (*absentmindedly*); "Say, Dock, I went to a funeral the other day."  
Dock Vaughn (*inquisitively*) : "How was it?"  
Searboro : "Oh, it was pretty good."

Dignified Senior to a Freshie :—"You don't know what a grammatician I am."

Man wants but little here below  
He's not so hard to please,  
But woman, bless her little heart,  
Wants everything she sees.

A woman taken altogether  
Is a puzzle, that is flat;  
She puts a thirty dollar feather  
Upon a forty-nine cent hat.

Dr. Harper : "Mr. Ingle, where did you get that translation for the 'Word.?'"  
"Pug" Ingle : "Well, I—er—I supplied it."

Recently came a haughty little chap  
Don't care, won't lift his cap  
To the prettiest girl on the map.  
Some one ought to hit that boy a rap;  
Or at least give him a slap.  
Jim Callum is the name of that Jap  
Who hasn't learned enough to lift his cap.

A sweet little Freshie named Jim  
Fell in love with a girl named—Ahem!  
Into Ware's he led her,  
On ice cream he fed her,  
Now all the girls are crazy for Jim.

## A Day in School as Experienced by Rev. Alonzo Tomlinson Banks

At seven o'clock I went to breakfast and dropped to sleep while Uncle Wellons was asking the blessing. When I woke up the chapel bell was tolling. I managed to get to chapel, and while they were singing "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" I sat down and went into the vale of dreams. When I awoke I was lying in the aisle and the boys were walking over me, going to their recitations. I hastily arose and descended into the lower regions—into the Math. room. On arriving after a perilous journey, I was given example number 23 and, believe me, just as I got to the answer, I fell into the most peaceful slumber of all my youthful years. Upon awaking, I found that the angry Dr. Wicker had hurled me from the lower regions into paradise—the Latin room. As we began reading about Æneas' trip to Hades it reminded me of the delightful repose I had experienced there the period before, so I dropped into sweet dreams of the lost Jewel who was so near and yet so far across the impassable gulf of knowledge. I was about to embark in an airship to meet her when Dr. Harper exclaimed, "Wake up, Mr. Banks, please." Much to my delight I had no recitation the third period, so I strolled down "Possum" to the postoffice in order to get my mail, but before arriving there, much to my disgust, I fell asleep on the way and when I awoke I was lying in the middle of the road half dead, having received a dreadful wound from a wagon wheel. I managed to pick myself up enough to get to the drug store. I forgot all about my wound when I saw a bottle of dope on the counter and called for one, but alas, I fell asleep before Dr. Ware could comply with my wishes. When I was aroused by the whistle of No. 21, I found that Dr. Ware, thinking I had fainted, had given me a sleeping potion which held me under for two periods. I decided to go to the Bank and get a chew to counteract the effects of the potion. As Mr. Lambeth had no chewing tobacco, I asked him for a smoke. He gave me a corncob pipe and—hark, there goes the fifth period bell. I'm on Philosophy, so I hasten to the Philosophy room, all forgetful of my beloved pipe in my mouth. This period is one of the most enjoyable of the day, because you are allowed to sit in your seat without answering questions. Just as I began to absorb the lecture by Dr. Wicker I was so completely enraptured that I lost control of myself and back I fell into "Home, Sweet Home." I suppose the pipe was still in my mouth, for when I found my senses again my coat was in ashes and I thought a sudden thunderstorm had arisen, for every student in school was bringing water which they freely gave me, much to my regret and sorrow. About this time the bell rang for dinner, so I went to my den to get another coat before attending the most delightful period of the day—dinner. When I arrived at my room the bed looked so tempting, and I being so overcome with emotion, I yielded to my fatal temptation and lost my mind in pleasure. There is no telling how long I would have remained there had not a wasp decided to make a tour over my head, which served as a skating rink. Just as he began to skate, the floor of the rink was so slick that he slipped and fell and almost broke his neck. The jar was so great that, actually, I awoke, and listen—there goes the sixth period bell. Well, it's just my luck to miss my dinner, but being a preacher of the gospel, I cannot afford to miss Bible, so I adjourned to Dr. Newman's room to take up the question later. Arriving on class rather late, as usual, I frightened all the students into hysterics by my uncouth appearance, having failed to procure a coat in my hasty exit. When the venerable Doctor discovered that I had not escaped from the lunatic asylum, he assigned me a back seat so the class would not be terrified by the ridiculous picture I presented. This suited me to perfection and in this position I dozed comfortably until the seventh period bell, when the irate chief Fuller was about to take me up for disturbing the peace by snoring. I finally persuaded him that I had to go on history the next period so he kindly led me to Dr. Amick's Sanatorium. For a wonder Dr. Amick took compassion on me, looked and

said nothing. I took a seat in the rear, as is my custom, and before the bell rang off I was lost to the world. When I landed on earth again Mr. Harwood was pounding me unmercifully in my ribs, and thinking that the worthy divine had propounded to me an interrogation I gave my usual answer, "I don't believe I know anything about that, Doctor," when to my surprise and utter discomfiture, the question was meant for someone else. The hearty laughter of the students kept my eyes open for the remaining five minutes of the hour. At last the bell sounded and when I left the administration building, having completed my usual school routine, I felt like

A WISE THEOLOG.

MOTTO : God bless the man who invented sleep.

## L. I.

Miss Jones, Pearl,  
The flower of the world,  
Causes Mr. Hancock's head  
To go in a whirl.

Miss Johnson, Lillian,  
One in a million,  
We hope she'll soon learn  
That Surratt is a villain.

Miss Lawrence, Myrtie,  
She's rather flirty.  
Professor Miller thinks that  
There's no one like Myrtie.

Kellum, I. J.  
With you he will play.  
But you'd better watch out  
For he'll have his own way.

The L. I. Students in a bunch  
Never eat dinner, just take lunch.  
They always love to have a hunch,  
And their favorite beverage is punch.

## For Auld Lang Syne

Our honored President, A. L. Hook,  
Is noted for his ways.  
He flirts with Jessie Dawson  
To pass away the days.

Our critic, Pearle Fogleman, is next in line, She's a critic to behold.	The venerable, Reverend A. T. Banks, Distinguished for his sleep;
And to Miss Nina Pinnix She makes criticisms bold.	On this account in 1912 His Jewel failed to "leap."

Now comes the flirt, Miss Virgie Beal—  
She's a flirt with nerve.  
At last she's come to that final point  
Where she thinks she'll never "lerve."

Of course she's followed by Doc. Surratt, The bright one of the class.	Miss Nellie Fleming, as I live, We see she is no crank.
It is the hope of every one They'll catch each other at last.	She loves to say that N. S. F. Stands for Nellie, Staley, and Frank.

C. T. Rand, of athletic powers,  
Thinks he's an athlete fine;  
But when it comes to writing notes  
Miss Neville thinks he's divine.

Miss Viola Frazier is at her best When passing notes in school.	This place is reserved for Brother Earp, A student of our class.
When she sees a person that won't pass one She says, "You are a phule."	Let me tell you, between you and me, I think he's very fast.

Janie Lee Beule, ready to die,  
Is looking mighty sad.  
We all hope that when she reads this  
"Twill make her very glad.

Staley Wicker, of intellectual powers, Thinks he's mighty wise.	Pearl Tuck, the old maid of the class, How many-so-ever they be.
But when he sees a girl He makes goo-goo eyes.	She tries to find out from morning till night, How she can choose among three.

My friends, you see these jingles and jokes  
Are very, very good (?) (?)  
Should any student take offense  
We'll put him down as rude.



## Favorite Sayings

CHIEF FULLER : Oh, plague gone it!  
BEN JOE EARP : By Jove!  
STERLING LOVE : For the love of Mike!  
MISS BARNES : I'll be June-twist!  
A. L. HOOK : Oh, Miss Irene!  
VIRGIE BEALE : I'll risk it as much as once.  
PEARL TUCK : Yer, I'll take a shot at it.  
URQUHART NEWMAN : Let's match!  
BANKS : Oh, I'm so sleepy!  
J. C. JOYNER : If you were down below you would want ice water, wouldn't you?  
SURREATT : Hello, Marmaduke!  
VERA GAY : Good morning, Miss Agnes.  
FRANK MALONE : Let's go downtown.  
EMMA HOLLAND : Dog fiddle it!  
SALLIE FOSTER : You old hound!  
G. G. HOLLAND : Old lady, when are the rules going to be suspended?  
BILL MYRICK : Yep, Yep.  
C. B. RIDDLE : I wonder if I look as dignified as I feel?  
AYCOCK : I don't like that a-tall.  
SCARBORO : Let's write up lab notes.  
MESSRS. MILLER, MYRICK, F. F., and BEALE, W. F. (*to each other in unison*) : Don't you admire my laugh?

## It Is Rumored That

Mr. Kellum is going to get a new red necktie.  
Mr. Surratt has decided to change his name to "Marmaduke."  
Staley Wicker and A. L. Hook will get married June the first.  
Grace Rollings hasn't a single date.  
Shakespeare has come to life again in the form of Rev. Ben. Joe Earp.  
Blanche Newman wants a better Holt.  
Marvin Revell has at last learned to take a joke.  
Scarboro has got "Steve."  
Dr. Newman needs another oil stove.  
The ponies in school are nearly broken and are exceedingly tame at this writing.  
Ruth Hall has some money.  
Buck Malone has awakened.  
Tom Harwood is in love with—himself.  
Surratt is exceedingly devilish on Latin.

## Wanted

President Harper's job—C. B. RIDDLE.  
A beau—VIOLA FRAZIER.  
A wife—B. J. EARP.  
Enough to eat—HENRY LAWRENCE.  
A kiss—JESSIE GILLIAM.  
To change our seats in chapel—PEARL TUCK and URQUHART NEWMAN.  
To know another restriction that can be placed upon the Senior Class—PRESIDENT HARPER.  
To know if chewing will ruin one's teeth—BASKETBALL TEAM.  
A nap—BANKS.  
Ethel—REVELL.  
A chief of police—TOWN OF ELON COLLEGE.  
To have my way—SURREATT.  
A new red necktie—KELLUM.  
To know if I will ever ever get enough sleep—BANKS.  
Some one to pass a note for me to Mr. Riddle—MISS BLANCHE TEAGUE.  
To know whom I love the best—ETHEL BARRETT.  
To know if it pays to flirt—THELMA CLYMER.  
To know who will finally entrap W. C. Hook—ANNIE BAGWELL, JANIE LEE BEALE, VIOLA ROLLINGS, LARLIE MAY TAYLOR, EMMA HOLLAND, LILA NEWMAN, or NELLIE FLEMING.  
To know if I will ever get enough Hershey's chocolate—VIRGIE BEAL.  
A free pass to basketball game—LOFTIN.

## Jokes

The other night in Y. M. C. A. Mr. Hardesty arose and said: "There's a verse in St. Matthew's Gospel that impresses me very much. It is 'Who steals my purse steals trash.'"

Dr. Harper told Riddle the other day to get a typewriter from the next room. Riddle asked which one, the old one or the new one. Dr. Harper said, "The old one, for my rule is to wear out the old ones first." Riddle said, "Suppose you go get it yourself, then."

Dr. Atkinson was telling the Social Science Class about the mendacity medal given to the editor of any paper in the State who printed the biggest lie during the year. He said, "For the last three years a fellow down at Siler City has been carrying it off. By the way, Mr. Johnson, you're from Siler City, aren't you?"

A. T. Banks, while calling on Miss Jewel Michael one night said, "My dear Jewel, I have never said anything about this to you before, but I am a somnambulist." "That's all right," she said sweetly, "I'm a Presbyterian. We'll go to your church one Sunday night and mine the next."

Mr. H. M. Neese, one of our most esteemed and venerable students, when a small boy was sent by his father to the field to work, in order that he might not be disappointed in love as his father had been. One day while they were working three most charming and beautiful girls passed by. As he had never seen any girls before he asked his father what they were. His father said, "Oh, pshaw, they're nothing but monkeys." Mr. Neese said, "Well, father, I want one of the monkeys."

## Somnolence

DEDICATED TO REVEREND W. B. FULLER.

(With apologies to Tennyson)

I came to Elon long ago	On class I sit on the back row.
To join a crowd of gents.	(I have a torpid liver).
The Bursar said, "Six dollars, please."	The boys may come and girls may go,
I felt like thirty cents.	But I sleep on forever.

I go about and in and out  
    Upon the various classes.  
I always try to move about  
    To see the pretty lasses.

For me, I know, 'tis very hard	Among professors, on the whole,
To sit without a quiver.	I have no reputation.
I still must have a body guard	They seem to think it very droll
Or sleep, and sleep forever.	To see me on recitation.

My eyelids fall the moment that  
    The bell has ceased its ringing.  
'Tis then, ah, then, I drop my hat  
    To hear the fairies singing,

In dreamland, where the days are warm	My knowledge is, as you may know,
And eyelids never quiver.	A rushing, brimming river.
Where people never wish you harm	Some come to Elon, then they go,
If you sleep on forever.	But I go on forever.

My nature is to be so slow  
    A snail is swift beside me;  
And when on class to sleep I go  
    The professors begin to chide me.

They say that I will never come	And ride and ride the station by
To my graduation day,	While in my contemplation.
And that they would have sent me home,	I might reach up, up to the sky
But they're afraid I'd sleep on the way	In my imagination.

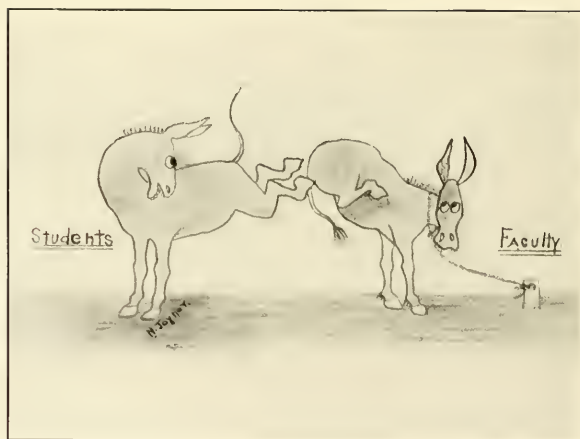
Still, when awake, on class I go,  
    I long to reach that river  
Of knowledge, where men may come and go,  
    But, alas, I sleep forever.

## The Courtship of Alonzo

(With apologies to Miss Irene)

When Alonzo was seventeen  
The age when one is green  
And almost ashamed to be seen:  
He, after careful consideration  
And deep meditation  
Without any hesitation  
Came to Elon Station.  
He was anxious to gain knowledge.  
That's why he came to college.  
When he got into town  
As he stepped on the ground  
Miss Irene he saw  
Out walking with "Pa."  
He at once sought her hand  
As the fairest in the land.  
He then went away  
And on that very day  
Sought to secure a room  
At her father's home,  
So that he could be near  
To catch a word of cheer  
Which fell upon his ear  
Each day of the year  
From his "Jessie so dear."  
Time flew fast  
Commencement came at last.  
Lonnie began to pine  
When the summer sun did shine  
And also to grieve,  
His Jessie to leave  
To go far away  
For three months and a day.  
Said he "Alas! dear  
Just listen here,  
Never, never fear  
For my heart is always here  
And ever shall be  
On land or sea—  
Believe me,  
My heart will burn  
For autumn to return  
When you I shall see  
Dear one, loved by me."  
She went with him to the train  
To see him once again  
Before they should part

With breaking hearts.  
As the train rolled away  
His Jessie did say  
"My darling is gone  
And left me alone.  
To him I'll fly  
And there to ery  
If I do not die  
Before vacation is by.  
My Lonnie I'll see  
Dear me, dear me,  
What joy it will be!"  
It is interesting to know  
How Lonnie did go.  
How he told her goodbye  
With tears in his eye.  
"Oh me!" said he,  
"I do not see  
How this I can bear  
Until next year  
When I shall see that dear.  
I fear, I fear, I fear  
That someone else is near  
She thinks not of me here.  
To her I'll go  
That I may love her so.  
A diamond ring I'll bestow  
Upon her finger white as snow."  
Then to Elon he came  
In a drizzling rain.  
He looked in vain  
All through that rain  
To see his Jessie again.  
"Well, I declare,  
No Jessie is here;  
To the college I'll go  
To see if they know.  
(Oh, I love her so)."  
"I found on that morn  
To Greensboro she'd gone.  
Four years have swiftly passed,  
I'm a Senior at last.  
She's at Elon this Spring  
Wearing 'our' diamond ring  
She will stay  
Until the month after May  
And then will be our wedding day.  
To the Valley I'll fly,  
There to live and die  
With Miss Irene by my side  
As my own fair bride."





REV. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, PH.D., D.D., LL.D.

# Religious Education

DELIVERED AT ELON COLLEGE JANUARY 12TH BY DR. MARTYN SUMMERBELL.

IN this day of experimentation and unrest in every line of living, there are divergent, conflicting notions of the manner, method, content, end, and aim of education. Some, for example, imagine that in order to secure an education one has merely to spend so many years at school, college and university, and that when the student has been drinking for all this time at the Pierian fount, and emerges at last the happy possessor of a sheepskin and some sort of an honorable degree, that of course he is educated. In such case it is granted that he may carry some of the earmarks of an education, and yet it is not always that such are really educated. For with some there is fundamental and self-evident lack. Some, in spite of a college degree, are inefficient, unsuccessful and incompetent. I have known men whose names are on the alumni lists of some of our great universities, who have found their vocation in driving a trolley car, and you may have known instances to match. Now, of what use were all those years spent at the university? Nothing is to be said against the business of driving a trolley car, but there are trolley car drivers in plenty who are experts at their job who never saw the inside of a university. Say of a man like that not that he is educated, but that he had a good chance for an education and missed his chance.

Again, it is sometimes supposed that a man who has been at a college or a university is educated if he has a fair command of certain subjects that the universities teach; if he has some critical knowledge of one or more languages; if he be a mine of information on the Greek digama, or on the prehistoric voyages of the Norsemen to America, or the relics of the moundbuilders of Ohio. But again I submit that a man might possess a fund of information on such topics and yet be far from having a real education. He might recite you offhand the list of English sovereigns from William the Conqueror to George V without an error and name the years of their accession and decease; he might recite you the speeches of Demosthenes, or tell you of the debate between Cicero and Caesar over the prospective fate of Catiline, and yet for all that, when it comes to practical affairs, be erratic, vain and full of inaptitude and helplessness. No! getting an education is something more than hearing college lectures, or than loading the mind with an undigested mass of facts, theories and opinions, no matter how well grounded these particular facts, theories and opinions may be in themselves.

What then, I am asked, is it, this education, which so many are in pursuit of; which so many conspicuously fail to acquire, and which some are fortunate enough to actually obtain?

To this it may be answered that one mark of the really educated man is a general knowledge of the topics which are discussed by intelligent people; topics historical, scientific, literary or political, and which renders him an associate on equal terms with people of culture and refinement. Be the place what it may, the commercial office, the parlor or the men's room in a Pullman car, whatever the subject of discussion the educated man is able to bear his part, modestly and yet fearlessly, because he has thought for himself on all these matters, and has something to say that will add to the general fund of interest. It is at such a time that ignorance has to hang its head in humiliation and silence, because it recognizes its own incompetence in a difficult situation. Education at such a moment enjoys its share of fellowship and feels the uplift of courage and conscious power.

Another benefit of a real education is the general training of the mental faculties so that they work together easily and without strain, whenever required, and produce prompt and correct judgments of men and measures. This coordination of all mental forces and powers comes only through years of culture and practice. It produces ability to concentrate attention even



under the most adverse circumstances. The really educated man is master of his moods, and when difficulties confront him, the more troublesome they are the more he pulls himself together to overcome them. He can think by himself in the solitude of his library and under the inspiration of the great men whose books line his shelves; or like Lincoln he can write a classic that is to endure through the generations on scraps of paper in all the rush and bustle of an express train. Control like this of one's mental, material and spiritual processes, so that whatever the occasion, the man is sure of himself, and that he can meet the demand of the hour, is one of the ends for which boys are put to school, and which when it is obtained is well worth all the years of struggle and preparation. If such control of his own thought powers is achieved, it matters little to a man whether he has so far neglected some field in the broad domain of knowledge, for he can traverse it whenever necessary and win all its treasures for his own uses. Whatever his need he can summon all his active, and all his potential energies to the affair in hand and so can look forward confidently to a measurable success.

Taking this view of a real education, the making a man the peer of his associates who possess culture and refinement, and the giving him a control and concentration of all his mental powers, we may perceive something of the value to a community like this of a college which purposes to give its young people training of precisely this kind.

There is commercial value in it at the start. Other things being equal, the trained mind has the advantage over the untrained mind in any pursuit or occupation in which they happen to compete. The trained man has the prompt initiative; he decides while the other is debating. He has the better method, for he puts his wits to achieve his result in the simplest way, while the other sticks to the rut in which his father traveled before him. And he applies to his task any helpful principle that his reading supplies, while the other follows the rule of thumb, often to his serious detriment.

Or, put this point in another way. We frequently meet men of little or no culture who have attained great success. They have enjoyed few advantages, but with persistence and energy they have made the best of their resources, and won out, while others with better opportunities apparently have accomplished little or nothing. Such men deserve great credit for their valiant struggle against an unfavorable handicap; and yet how much more the same men might have achieved had they enjoyed proper training. How many mistakes they might have been saved! How many misjudgments might have been turned to benefits! How many ventures that brought losses might have been avoided! The whole question resolves itself into the relative value of a tool that is fit, and the other that is almost fit. Imagine a man chopping at a tree with an axe that is right in all respects but the one of having a dull edge. No doubt if you give him time he will get the tree down. If you are his friend you will go to him and tell him that he will save time if he will but stop twenty minutes and grind his axe. There is the difference in a nutshell. The untrained mind is the dull axe. Of course one can work with it, but the task is slow and painful. The trained mind is possibly the same axe, but with a keen cutting edge, and the way it makes the chips fly is a delight.

If such is the difference between individuals in the matter of training, the principle is the same when you compare one community with another. The community which trains its children wisely soon takes the lead of the other that neglects education, or that gives education of the wrong sort. The citizens of the former surpass those of the latter in initiative, in enterprise, in progress and in wealth. Every schoolboy knows that Athens outranked every city of the ancient world in all that counts for excelling greatness, but can he tell you why that town of but moderate population, and with outlying territory of less acreage than some of your western counties, still holds that preeminence in the eyes of the nations? The answer is simple enough. Athens led the world because she had more men of cultivation to the square rod than any city of her own age, or of any subsequent age in the world's history. The education of her citizens gave Athens power, wealth, ascendancy.

How shall we account for the influence of New England in the development of our own nationality? New York State, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, California,

Alabama all have cities and towns which trace much of their prosperity to the thrift and enterprise of colonists who came from New England and brought with them the training for which New England has been famous from the day of the Pilgrim Fathers. The idea in New England was to educate the children, all the children, and the result of that idea has blossomed out in progress in New England herself and in every community to which she has given her sons and daughters.

But so far we have been noting the effect of education on a community in its commercial and social applications. One of the latter, one of the social applications, is deserving more attention in detail.

One purpose of education is to constitute leaders for the people, leaders who are capable of inspiring confidence, and whose calmness and accuracy of judgment will render them trustworthy when they are given positions of responsibility. In a social democracy like ours it makes vast difference to the public weal who holds the reins of influence and power. We have the right to demand the faithfulest and the best; but if trained men are wanting, then the others, less able and often less worthy, will certainly forge to the front. In case any community fails to exercise its privilege of training its young people, of necessity it will fall behind the other community which educates and keeps on educating.

But it is understood that this real training of the faculties of the man, this real education, includes of necessity the training of the religious faculties. Religion is the true philosophy of life—the basis of all correct conduct—the norm from which all moral and social obligation is to be measured. Ethical systems have been invented which seek to establish moral right upon the pleasure which it confers upon the individual, or upon the advantage to society in the mass to be derived when its terms are generally accepted. But all such systems break down in the serious struggles and temptations which men must face. They lack a cogent imperative—that imperative which is experienced only in God. Ethics without religion is a crutch of straw which collapses instantly when subjected to severe moral strain.

If today any of you are questioning why there are so many public men who have bartered their soul's honor for a mess of political pottage; why so many homes are destroyed by forgetfulness of the marriage vow; why so many custodians of trust funds have betrayed their trust to the impoverishment of the widow and the orphan; why so many men and women, old and young, rich and poor, end their lives with the poison or pistol of suicide, find the answer in the fact that they have forgotten God, or that they knew Him only, as one might say, by name. He has been no substantial factor in their scheme of being. They have gone their own gait, whether of pleasure or excess or of open sin, precisely as if God had withdrawn Himself from the universe, or as if there were never anywhere any God at all. The remedy for all current looseness and extravagance of conduct is in realizing God; in comprehending something of His majesty and His intimate connection with all things that exist; in knowing that all our acts and even our most secret thoughts come under His scrutiny, and perceiving with all this that only as our thoughts and acts are shaped into conformity with His holy laws, can our individual peace, or the prosperity of the community, be assured.

And so it may be regarded as established that an education which lacks training in religion is defective. In fact it is better for a community or a nation to have a weak religion, or one that has some elements of falsehood, than to have no religion at all. For, inasmuch as the weak religion, or the religion that is partly false, can stimulate the religious sense, it will impel to some moral acts, and impose some moral restraints. But no-religion is all falsehood, and it imposes no moral restraint whatever. I would not willingly go to a nation that has discarded religion, for nothing in such a region could be safe for a moment; not houses, not persons, not property. Once we knew of a land that had cast away its religion—it was the land of the daily proscription and the guillotine. Yes, education to be sound must include training in religion, and this training must be carried on continuously for a long period of years, so that it becomes the man's second nature; so that it is as spontaneous in its response as any of his mental furnishings. Let us have our young people educated like that and we may trust them anywhere. They will meet their temptations and trample them underfoot. And the future of society and the nation will be secure in their enlightened hands.

It is legitimate now to inquire how religious education of the better type, such as we have been discussing, can best be promoted. Right here it is that we strike one of the most serious problems of the time. For it is a conspicuous fact that by far the larger part of our American youth, both boys and girls, young men and young women, are given a purely secular education, and education in literature, in the arts and sciences, and the rest of it, but withal an education from which religion as such is absolutely eliminated. Under the general system of public schools, from the primary school up to the State College and University, the teacher must not teach religion. In some States of the Union the teacher, when he opens school, must not read from the Bible, and must not recite the Lord's prayer.

But passing these extreme instances of misguided deference to subterranean political influences, let us turn our thoughts toward the general system of public instruction, and particularly to the great State Universities, in all of which, while art, and science, and history, and mathematics are freely taught, religion is unmentioned. This is not to say that all teachers in the schools, and all professors in the State Universities, are hostile to religion; for many of them are sincere Christians. But for all of their faith in Christ they are not permitted to give instruction in religion in their classrooms. Right here then is the main question, What is to be the inevitable result upon our impressionable American youth of instructing them for a course of years in history, and science, and literature and the rest of it, with religion during all that time absolutely ignored and unmentioned? Is it not inevitable that they will grow to be interested in the subjects which are impressed on their minds from day to day, and that they will lose interest in the subject that is unmentioned, and that presently they will come to regard it as a bygone fad, and quite out of date in this live and progressive age? Does it not seem to you that religion in these State Universities is getting the freeze out? I am sure that I would not willingly subject any young person under my care to an influence of that character, where all other subjects are made impressive by constant repetition and reiteration, and where the main subject of life is shut up in a dark closet, unseen and unheard of. It would be easy to cite specific instances of young people who have been educated in this manner—trained in the culture and refinement of the schools, and who have emerged with many laurels of scholarship, and yet whose faith in the Gospel, and whose moral nature, have suffered utter shipwreck and loss. Where the professor has abandoned religion for the golf stick, the beer mug and the Sunday autocar, where will the less sophisticated student appear? The wise parent needs to discriminate as to the brand of education which he furnishes his child, and the time for discrimination is beforehand and not afterward. Let him realize that an education which relegates religion to the background is in some ways worse than no religion at all. The polish of culture to the man who lacks the mainstay of principle makes him the more unmitigated scoundrel. In the days of struggle at the birth of this nation, one man who lost his faith was ready to sell his country for British guineas and a pair of golden epaulets, and we remember him, Benedict Arnold, with universal execration. Later another with all the polish of a man of the world, was unprincipled enough to outrage every law of hospitality by besmirching the chastity of the wife or daughter of any friend, and we know him as Aaron Burr. Just now in New York they have been trying a gang of men for murdering another in the open street, attacking him cowardly four to one. It is said of some of these men that they could shine in polite society. But they had no principle and their hands bear the murder stain, which no water, cold or hot, can ever wash away. We cannot afford to train up thugs and murderers. We cannot afford to manufacture Aaron Burrs and Benedict Arnolds. And so we cannot afford to place our children under a system of education, no matter how popular, from which instruction and practice in religion is systematically excluded.

Whither then shall the wise parent turn when he reaches the time when he is to send his child to college, and wishes him to get his literary and scientific training under auspices which shall not undermine his religion? Evidently enough he will look to the smaller college, which is free to develop its own courses of instruction, and which can exercise a potential influence in favor of religious life as the happiest and best for any young man or woman.

Speaking thus of the smaller college, we are to remember that all the earlier colleges of America were established on the religious foundation. Such were Harvard, and Yale and Princeton, and King's College, now Columbia University, in New York City. Such were Dartmouth in New Hampshire, Williams in Massachusetts and Wesleyan in Connecticut. Several of these indeed had their main object to train men for the Christian ministry, and all of them had clergymen for their first presidents, and the major part of their early professors were of the same cloth. Without any manner of question, the earlier advanced education in this country was under religious auspices. In urging the claim of the smaller college with its insistence on the cultivation of the religious principle, we are simply reverting to the original American tradition, and standing fast to the higher American ideal.

And it is from such colleges that the best educational product has come. A great complaint has lately been lifted by some of the largest and most popular universities themselves that they are not arousing the scholastic impulse in their students to the extent that should be expected—that the influence of their great teachers is lost, dissipated among the thousands of students, who are too numerous to know their own classmates, or to feel the educative touch of their learned instructors. And so some are adopting a new plan, which is no less than to break up the great school into a number of smaller ones—to set groups of students, reduced to a number small enough to insure mutual acquaintance—small enough to respond to the personal influence of the teacher who is specially set over the particular group. But do you realize what a proposition like that signifies? It is nothing short of an acknowledgment of the supreme mistake of putting thousands of students into one college—nothing short of the admission that by and large the smaller college is better for the student, better for his mental culture and vastly better for his culture in morals. And experience is proving the value of the smaller college in these very respects. If you start inquiry as to the men of mark in the nation, you will be surprised at the numbers who have come from the smaller colleges. Our beloved Longfellow was trained at Bowdoin College, a small college in Brunswick, Maine. President Garfield was trained at Williams, a small college in the northwestern corner of Massachusetts. Secretary Root was one of the ablest men in President Taft's Cabinet. He was trained at Hamilton, a small college in the hills of central New York. We might continue that list indefinitely, but the few examples suffice.

*Ex pede Herculem*—from his foot we know Hercules. In the smaller college every professor knows every student by his name. Acquaintance is mutual and it is intimate. The best traits of the teachers are impressed upon the students' habit of thought irradicably. And the regular result is plain living, high thinking and lofty ideals, which the students cherish as the standard for all their lives.

## Manager's Note

To you, who are criticising the make up in general and cuts of this book, please bear in mind that every effort has been put forth, not counting the cost of time on the part of the Seniors, in making what you have in your hands. If there have been mistakes, kindly consider the task and place yourself in the Staff's position for a few minutes and *think*.

Through this channel the Managers wish to express their gratitude and thank each member of the College for his cooperation. When called upon for assistance you have always liberally responded. Without your help the book could not have been published.

I commend the advertisers in this Annual to you. I have solicited the highest class and most responsible companies. They are reliable and can be depended upon.

## Editor's Page

Before me lies the manuscript for the first issue of the PHIPSICLI. Now comes the trying time of all. The original to copy and correct, but thanks to the ones who have written the different passages, the corrections are small, while the copying is large. Next comes the arrangement of classes, clubs, societies, organizations, and advertisements. With fear and trembling the task is begun. After hours of study and hard work the pages are selected for the different articles and the corrected manuscript placed in the dummy and carbon copy kept for proofreading. This finished, the next is one night of perfect rest and an easy and contented mind. Then on the journey to the printers I go with the result of our first attempt and eagerly await the coming of the proof to see how our work shall stand.

At last the proof arrives and to my great surprise I found the work correct and the task that I had anticipated as being one of the greatest of all, is but very small, a few corrections and the proof is returned to Edwards and Broughton to bring out the first two hundred copies, and then the delivery! Every one takes his order and the task is complete save the settlement of the bills; but this falls to the Business Manager, and with a skilled hand and a big brain he at once finishes his task and we find our labors done.

I wish to acknowledge the valuable assistance of the Manager and his assistant, who have been a source of invaluable help. Also to the historians, poets, statistics committee, humor committee, and to all others who have contributed articles I wish to express my heartfelt thanks and appreciation in this the first attempt of your humble servant, the editor. Only with your help could I have ever undertaken and finished the task put upon me. To you, dear friends, I submit this work, hoping that it will meet your approval. But should there be found mistakes, kindly place yourself in my position and think of the task with a full year of college work upon me and examinations close at hand, and I feel sure that you will overlook all errors and see that I have done the best I could at this, my first trial. If your name or picture does not appear in this work it is not my fault, as we worked with all our power to get every one and every thing in as it should be. Remember that it was an accident and then think what was the cause and you will see that we are not to blame. I bid you all a farewell.

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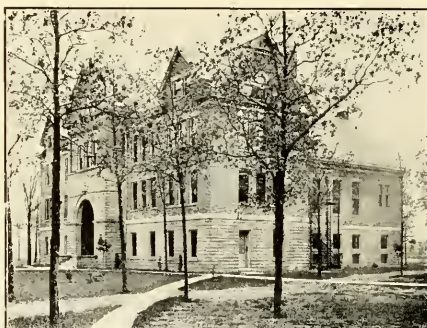
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